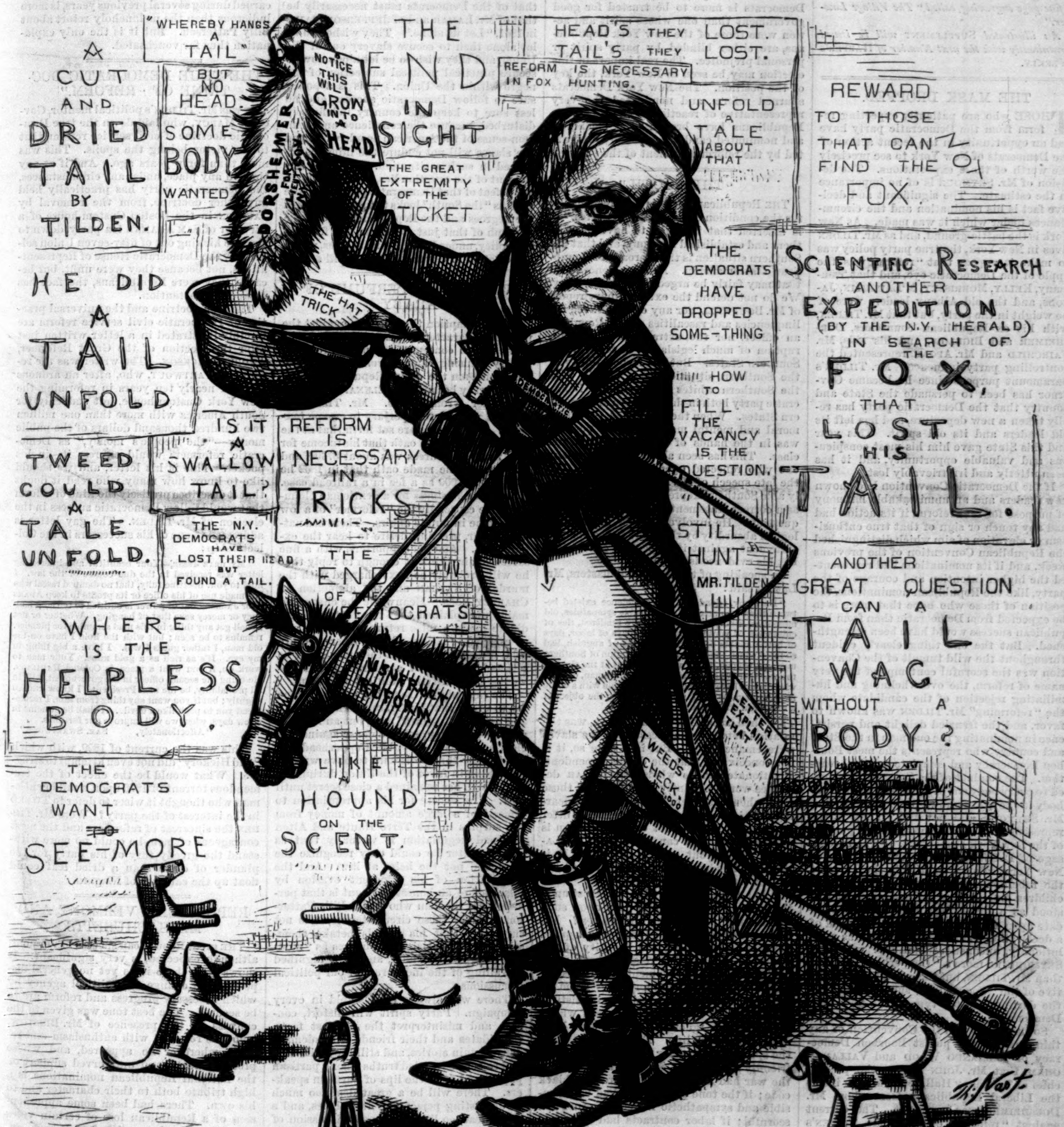
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XX.—No. 1030.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


"WHEREBY HANGS A TAIL" BUT NO HEAD.
A CUT AND DRIED TAIL BY TILDEN.
SOME BODY WANTED
NOTICE THIS WILL GROW INTO A HEAD.
DORSHEIMER FOR LIEUT. GOV.
THE END IN SIGHT
THE GREAT EXTREMITY OF THE TICKET.
HEAD'S THEY LOST. TAIL'S THEY LOST.
REFORM IS NECESSARY IN FOX HUNTING.
UNFOLD A TALE ABOUT THAT
REWARD TO THOSE THAT CAN NOT FIND THE FOX.
HE DID A TAIL UNFOLD
THE HAT TRICK
THE DEMOCRATS HAVE DROPPED SOME-THING
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH ANOTHER EXPEDITION (BY THE N.Y. HERALD) IN SEARCH OF THE FOX, THAT LOST HIS TAIL.
HOW TO FILL THE VACANCY IS THE QUESTION.
IS IT A SWALLOW TAIL?
REFORM IS NECESSARY IN TRICKS
TWEED COULD A TALE UNFOLD.
THE N.Y. DEMOCRATS HAVE LOST THEIR HEAD. BUT FOUND A TAIL.
THE END OF THE DEMOCRATS
"NO STILL HUNT" MR. TILDEN
ANOTHER GREAT QUESTION CAN A TAIL WAG WITHOUT A BODY?
WHERE IS THE HELPLESS BODY.
USUFRUCT REFORM
LETTER EXPLAINING THAT
TWEED'S CHECK. $5,000
THE DEMOCRATS WANT ~~TO~~ SEE-MORE
LIKE A HOUND ON THE SCENT.
Th. Nast.

"STILL HUNT"-ING.

THE END OF THE SARATOGA FOX-HUNT—A TALE OF REFORM.

The Circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY is over 120,000 Copies per Week.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar Postage Free.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage Prepaid by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 23, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains an admirable double-page engraving, entitled "The Siesta," an illustration showing the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, and a fine page engraving, called "The Village Lawyer."*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE MASK DROPPED.

THOSE who are patiently expecting reform from the Democratic party have had an opportunity in the recent action of the Democrats of New York to see precisely the worth of those expectations. The decision of Mr. Seymour is of no importance in the estimate. The significant and decisive fact is his nomination and the circumstances under which it was made. As New York is the battle-ground, and as Mr. Tilden lives in New York, the true party policy was to make it appear that "reform" was the apple of the Democratic eye, and that Tammany, Kelly, Morrissey, M'Laughlin, Jacobs, and the old Albany leaders were of no weight in the party, but that Mr. Tilden, with his ex-Republican counselors, Dorsheimer and Bigelow, and his aids, Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Apgar, represented the controlling party influence. Mr. Tilden's paramount purpose since he became Governor has been to persuade the State and country that the Democratic party has really taken a new departure, and has left its old leaders and its old spirit. This year and this State gave him his most conspicuous and valuable opportunity, and it has been utterly and irretrievably lost.

If the Democratic Convention had shown new leaders and an unmistakable harmony of purpose for real reform, if its action had had any touch or sign of that true enthusiasm or elevation of aim which distinguished the Republican Convention of the previous week, and if its nominations had represented the higher intention and courage of the party, like the Republican nominations, the position of those who hope that more is to be expected from Democratic than from Republican success would have been strengthened. But the one thing clearly evident throughout the wild tumult of the Convention was the scornful contempt of the very name of reform, the overwhelming and humiliating rejection of the candidate whom the "reforming" Mr. Tilden was known to favor, and the frenzied delight and persistence in nominating the one man in the State and country who represents the most Bourbon Democracy and complete political reaction. The conduct of the Convention showed to every body out of the State, what every body in the State knows perfectly well, that Mr. Seymour and not Mr. Tilden is the representative of the real spirit and purpose of the New York Democracy. "The revered sage of Deerfield," who, when Governor of New York, saluted as friends the allies of the rebellion, fresh from roasting helpless children and hanging defenseless men; who stood as a Democratic Presidential candidate upon a platform of repudiation and of a declaration that reconstruction was revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void—Mr. Seymour, no more a "Copperhead," indeed, than Mr. Tilden, but the official representative of the "Copperhead" spirit, is the hero, the darling, and the type of the New York Democracy.

So impatient was the Convention of any thing except the purest Bourbon Democracy of Fernando Wood and Vallandigham, that Mr. John Kelly, the present chief of Tammany Hall, took pains to insult the Liberal Republicans, from whom Mr. Dorsheimer was a recruit. The current against "reform," even of Mr. Tilden's kind, was so resistless that the managers of the Convention deliberately deceived it in regard to Mr. Seymour's acceptance; and among the rumors was one, generally credited, that Mr. Tilden connived at the Seymour nomination as the only way of outwitting the real desire of the party, knowing that Mr. Seymour could not serve, and that Mr. Dorsheimer must take his place. A more disgraceful confusion, yet one more clearly indicative of the real feeling and purpose of a party, was never known. The nomination of Wade Hampton by the South Carolina Democrats and of Horatio Seymour by the Democrats of New York is the conclusive and startling evidence of the reactionary and dangerous spirit of the Democratic party. We do not believe that any honest "independent" citizen—Mr. Adams, for instance, or General Bartlett—can really suppose that if Seymour were chosen Governor of New York and Wade Hampton of South Carolina, the welfare of the country would be more certainly secured than by the election of Morgan in New York and of Chamberlain in South Carolina.

Those who insist upon change for the sake of change, and who declare that any change would be improvement, are merely silly. Those who assert that a party which showed at its Convention the character and the conduct displayed by the New York Democrats is more to be trusted for good government than one whose spirit and action were those of the New York Republicans, are either blinded by party spirit or personal prejudice. The real import in this election may be seen in New York, the key of the position. The New York Democrats spurned reform, and nominated the very representative of reaction. The New York Republicans have broken "the machine," and nominated candidates already designated by the reform sentiment of the party.

"THE SOUTH."

The Republican party is held responsible for the condition of the Southern States. It is asserted that it ought to have pacified them and established harmony, and that the Southern situation is the reproach of Republican statesmanship. Now we concede all that may fairly be urged against the party. We do not defend the extraordinary report of Mr. Boutwell, nor any of the proved delinquencies and rascalities of any Republican officer, nor the extravagance and corruption of much legislation in some of the Southern States. But the responsibility of the Southern situation rests mainly with the Southern whites and with the Democratic party both in the Northern and Southern States. When the war ended, the entire moral and mental mastery of the position was in the hands of the Southern master class. This has been always evident to any one who reflected upon the subject. But the late speech of Mr. Lamar, the only really able Southern Representative, if accepted as a correct statement, would put it beyond question. He involves himself, indeed, in a logical absurdity by the effort to use his own statement against its necessary conclusion, but his evidence is decisive.

In speaking of the slaves and masters, Mr. Lamar said:

> "Harmony, friendship, and confidence existed between these two races. Indescribable sympathies, old memories, kindly services mutually rendered, ties of childhood, of youth, of manhood, days of labor, days of battle, nights of watching, nights of anguish, had so intertwined the lives of that generation of Southern men and women, white and black, that at the close of the war there was scarce a black man, woman, or child who did not have some endearing relation with a white man, woman, or child, and was not also the object of a reciprocal attachment."

This, then, according to Mr. Lamar, was the relation between the races when the slaves were emancipated. But if it were so, it is not conceivable that the docile, dependent, affectionate blacks whom Mr. Lamar describes would instantly have deserted those with whom they were living in such endearing relations, to ally themselves with utter strangers. Yet the fact of the desertion is undeniable, and it can have, upon Mr. Lamar's theory, but one explanation. It is that the freedmen suddenly distrusted the master class.

What was the reason of this distrust upon the part of those who had been upon such "endearing" terms with the whites? Mr. Lamar insists that the government inspired distrust by assuming the hostility of the whites. But had the relation been what he describes, no government could possibly have accomplished such a result. From his own argument the conclusion is irresistible that it is the intelligent Southern whites and not the ignorant blacks who have drawn the color line. For if in any State the spirit of the master class had been truly friendly; if the first State legislation after the war had not been an oppressive black code; if the tone of the press had been sensible and sympathetic instead of cruel and scornful; if labor contracts had been reasonable and honestly enforced; if schools had been liberally encouraged; if political co-operation had been sincerely sought; if white public opinion had made the Ku-Klux impossible by its summary repression; if the press had denounced it, and the courts and juries and all local legal authorities had pursued and punished it; if, indeed, there had been any where among any considerable part of the white population a solitary sign of really friendly interest, or care, or desire of making the best instead of the worst of the situation, there would have been no white line, no considerable Ku-Klux, no Southern question.

The troubles of that question are not, as is constantly alleged, mainly due to the Republican party, but to the sullen folly which has always insisted upon one thing, and one only—that the Southern whites should be left to do with the blacks as they choose. This is what is meant by "home rule," and this is what Mr. Lamar and the Democratic party hope to accomplish by the election of Mr. Tilden. The Republicans are responsible for many mistakes and offenses in the Southern States, but the greatest of all for the country would be to abandon them in despair. There is quite enough intelligence and patriotism among Republicans to pursue a policy that could not be stigmatized as that of the carpet-bag or the bayonet. It is that foreshadowed by Mr. Hayes; while that of the Democrats must necessarily be that of Mr. Lamar and of Jefferson Davis in 1861, "Let us alone." They wished to be let alone then to secure slavery out of the Union, and they wish to be let alone now to secure practical political subjection of the negro within the Union. This is a policy sure to follow Democratic success, and no less sure to keep the country indefinitely disturbed, because the conscience and common-sense of the American people who freed the slaves will not endure the injustice involved in such a situation. The final settlement of the question lies, and lies only, in the defeat of that Democratic party to whose success "the South" looks to "get even" with the negroes and the Republicans, and in the triumph of that just, generous, and forbearing policy, under Republican auspices, which the election of Governor Hayes will secure.

WANTED—A PERFUME OF ARABY.

The assumption that charges against the personal character of candidates are to be treated with contempt as "mud-throwing" is very amusing when it comes from those who condemn the entire Republican party as unworthy because of Belknap, Babcock, and other wrong-doers. Mr. Tilden is charged with virtual perjury to escape taxation. The charges are set forth that at the end of 1863 he made oath that his income for 1862 from all sources was about $7000, and that in 1876 he made oath that in 1862 he received $20,000 as a fee in a railroad case. Here is bad business for a gentleman claiming to be especially the "reformer" of a low moral tone in public affairs. There is a natural, eager, pressing desire to hear the explanation. And his supporters, with a fine sarcastic air, think it enough to reply that he will probably be next charged with the murder of Nathan and the abduction of Charley Ross. Meanwhile the charge remains unexplained that the "reform" candidate made a false return of income, and so escaped taxation. Many others, we are told, did the same. But they would not be selected as types of a reforming and elevating and purifying political movement.

The campaign hitherto has certainly gone far to prove that Mr. Tilden is not a frank and "straightforward" man, but an indirect and sly politician. The defense against his clear and consistent public Copperhead record is only that he is said to have written something in favor of the Union during the war, which has remained a close secret until now. The excuse for his appropriation to himself of a large amount of money from the surplus in the Terre Haute and Alton Railroad negotiation is virtually that as administrator he could only recognize the dead, and not the heirs at law. And the explanation of his apparent evasion by falsehood of an honest payment is that perhaps he is the man who struck Billy Patterson. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that his friends betake themselves to stigmatizing all charges as "mud-throwing" and slander, and to a dignified bewailing of the indecorum of our political discussions.

There will always be lies told in every campaign. Party spirit will distort, conceal, and misinterpret the plainest facts. Candidates and their friends will solemnly deny certain stories, and still they will echo and re-echo as settled truths among partisan papers and from the lips of partisan speakers. There will be a great deal too much of disgusting personality in politics, and a great deal too little of honest discussion of principles. This is all true. He is foolish who denies it, and unpatriotic who does not try to better it. But while all this is true, why did Mr. Tilden make oath in 1863 that his income was so much smaller than he now makes oath that it was? Why does a man who apparently kept back in his own pocket money justly due to the public Treasury present himself as a great reformer merely because he declares that there is money in other people's pockets which justly belongs to the public Treasury? Is it any worse to take money out of the Treasury by canal frauds than to keep it out by a fraudulent income oath?

That such questions must be asked is due to the extraordinary silence of Mr. Tilden in regard to the apparent conflict of his two oaths of 1863 and 1876. It is not an anonymous accusation. It is not the slander of a partisan press. What honest son would not hang his head if he discovered the apparent proof of such conduct among the papers of his dead father? How earnestly would he not seek an explanation to save his father's name from stain! Is the personal character of a man who seeks the highest representative honor of this country less worthy of defense? Against a distinct charge of dishonor, sustained by documentary proof, is a sneer of derision to be accepted as satisfactory? The explanation of the private secretary, that the fee received in 1862 was earned during several previous years, is more ludicrous than the melancholy retort about Billy Patterson. But it is the only explanation thus far vouchsafed.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE OF "REFORM."

It was Mr. Tilden's political mentor, Governor Marcy, who laid down the true Democratic doctrine of civil service reform, that to the victor belong the spoils. This was more than forty years ago. And if at any time, in any place, under any circumstances, the Democratic party has practically held any other doctrine, from the removal by Jackson in the Boston Custom-house of a survivor of Sam Adams's tea party, down to the late kicking out of fifty-seven Union soldiers by the Democratic House of Representatives, not because they were unfit, but because they were Republicans, the fact has escaped our attention.

The true doctrine and the universal practice of Democratic civil service reform are forcibly illustrated in a letter written just after the election of the Great Reformer, Andrew Jackson. The writer was the reformer Swartwout, who, after an arduous labor of nearly ten years in reforming the New York Custom-house, left suddenly for South America with more than one million two hundred thousand dollars of the public money—"the people's money," as Democratic reformers would express it—in his pocket. This is his letter, and we should like to know how many who read it doubt that it describes precisely the kind of reform that would follow Democratic success in the election of Mr. Tilden. The gay letter is addressed to one of his successors in the Collectorship:

> "My dear Jesse,—Your beautiful and interesting letter was received in the due course of the law. I hold to your doctrine fully, that no damned rascal who has made use of his office or its profits to keep Adams in or Jackson out of power is entitled to the least leniency or mercy save that of hanging. Whether or not I shall get any thing in this mad scramble for plunder, remains to be seen; but with the hold I have on the old man, I rather guess I will. I have a big thing in my eye. It's as rich as a gold mine. Your man to work on, if you want a place, is Colonel Hamilton. He being the second officer in the government, will, in all probability, be the next President. I know Ingham slightly; but if you want any thing from him, I recommend you to push like a devil....I shall be at home in a few days, when we will improve our fortunes.
>
> "Affectionately, Sam. Swartwout."

This was the current of 1829, with which "Old Hickory" did not even attempt to struggle. What would be the effect of the tremendous torrent of 1876 upon a mild gentleman who thought it wiser to defer to Tweed in the interest of the party? Were Mr. Tilden the sincerest of reformers and the most courageous of men, he could no more withstand the greedy fury of his party for the plunder of office than a dried leaf could float up the cataract of Niagara.

REPUBLICAN VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS.

The great Republican success in Vermont, although expected, is very significant. It shows that there is as yet no general disposition to change the political agency by which necessary progress and reform are to be secured. The best tone was given to the canvass by the presence of Mr. Bristow, who was received with enthusiasm and respect wherever he appeared, and whose prompt, hearty, and unreserved support of the national Republican nominations is a high tribute both to their character and to his own. There had been some apprehension of a Republican loss of certain votes upon the school question, but it was unfounded, and the majority is larger than was expected. Principles and a policy which are so emphatically favored in a State of the character of Vermont may be well considered to be in the truest sense conservative.

In Massachusetts the present excellent State ticket was nominated by acclamation after a slight "prohibition" objection from a minority of twenty-seven in a Convention of about one thousand and forty delegates. The proper business of the Convention was soon done, and well done. The platform is sound, but its reform tone is hardly as pronounced as is naturally expected from Massachusetts. It may always be assumed, however, that the general tone of a party in a State is more decided than the platform in the same direction. There are many Republicans who had hoped from the Massachusetts Convention some more distinct recognition of the fact that the Republican party in this canvass is that from which all necessary reform is more to be expected than from the Democratic. But the only point made by Mr. Boutwell, who presided, was that the Derringer Democracy will probably carry the Southern States; while the Convention cheered General Butler's name uproariously, and he was placed upon the State Committee. And Mr. Martin I. Townsend, of New York, declared that no Republican shot any Union soldier in the war, and that the Republican party needed no kind of reform.

There was something else to be said at this time and in Massachusetts; and we know no more effectual aid that the Convention could have given the good cause and the chances of Hayes and Wheeler than to have identified them distinctly not only with the maintenance of all that has been secured, but with the attainment of what is yet to be gained. We should be quite as sorry as Mr. Boutwell to see the Southern problem put into the hands of the Democratic party for solution. But it seems to us that the surest way to do it is to make the policy of the Senator's Mississippi report the policy of the Republican party, and to present General Butler as a representative Republican leader. Neither of those measures is in accordance with the significance of the national Republican nominations, or with the present spirit of the Republican party.

THE SIGNS IN OHIO.

One of the most striking signs of the real Republican purpose in this election is the character of the Congressional nominations in Ohio. They leave no doubt of the feeling and resolution of the party. Nothing is more absurd than to insist that a party which, as in New York, makes Horatio Seymour its representative, and in Connecticut Mr. Eaton, and in Missouri Mr. Cockrell, and in Pennsylvania Mr. Wallace, is more to be trusted for wise, honest, and patriotic government than a party which, as in New York, nominates Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers, and in Ohio selects for Congress such men as General J. D. Cox, Stanley Matthews, Manning Force, and others, all of whom are known to be intimate friends of Governor Hayes and in full sympathy with his views of reform. It has not escaped attention, also, that General Wikoff, the late Adjutant-General of the State, who was also chairman of the Republican State Committee, finding the duties of the two positions clashing, has resigned his State office. The public does not fail to see in this fact the view which the immediate and confidential friends of Governor Hayes take of the conduct proper under such circumstances. Like the Congressional nominations, it is significant of the elevated and earnest tone of the Republican sentiment in Ohio. Where, in any State, among any considerable body of Democrats, can any similar feeling be found?

The nomination of General Cox is peculiarly gratifying. One of the purest and most independent of men, he served with great distinction in the war, and was afterward elected Governor of Ohio. Having always the courage of his convictions, he did not hesitate to differ with his party upon certain points, and retiring from official life, resumed the practice of his profession. General Grant called him into his first cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, from which, upon a difference of opinion as to the propriety of certain actions, General Cox withdrew. His pronounced and sensible views upon the question of civil service reform led him toward the movement of 1872, and he was one of the most conspicuous and most reasonable of the Independents. But his sympathies were always with the Republican reformers, and after three or four years of retirement, he is now gladly and naturally designated by the reform movement in the party as its fitting representative, and Governor Hayes greeted him especially and cordially upon his nomination. This will, perhaps, be regarded as another proof of the truth of the great Democratic dogma that the Hayes administration would be a mere continuation of what is called "Grantism."

The Ohio Republican nominations, those in New York and Connecticut, the withdrawal of Mr. Orth in Indiana, the tone of the canvass in Vermont—the first of the States to vote—the enthusiasm of Mr. Bristow's reception, and, first of all, the nomination of Hayes and Wheeler, are signs of a freshness of vigor and an earnestness of patriotism in the Republican organization which command the highest confidence of the country. The "regular" Democrat will naturally "go with his party." But the voter who is not of that kind, and who seriously says that he believes the chances of reform and good government are greater with the Democratic party, is beyond reason. There are thousands and thousands who were inclined to think in July that a Democratic restoration was necessary, who, as they gladly vote for Hayes and Wheeler in November, will say, truly, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

THE NOMINATION OF MR. ADAMS.

The Democratic nomination of Charles Francis Adams as Governor of Massachusetts is as insincere as the Democratic nomination of Horace Greeley for President. Mr. Adams is no more a Democrat than Mr. Greeley. He is in no sense a representative of the character or purpose of the party. He was nominated against the evident sympathy and desire of the Convention simply for effect upon the country, and to produce the impression that the Democratic party is a party of reform. It is merely a political trick. The argument by which the preference of the Convention was overcome was the frank statement that Mr. Adams's nomination was necessary for effect out of the State, and if Massachusetts were not a Republican State, always and in every estimate of the national election conceded to the Republicans as much as Vermont, his nomination would have been impossible. As the Democrats could not carry the State, the Convention was persuaded to do what it could to give the party elsewhere a good "cry."

As a Democratic movement, therefore, it has no other significance. The only way in which it could have helped the party, as a party, would have been as evidence of a Democratic change of heart. But it is no more that than the nomination of any other conspicuous citizen who is not in sympathy with the party. And the proof of it is that if Mr. Adams should be elected, it would be by the votes of those who will also vote for Hayes and Wheeler, thus showing that even in Massachusetts it is not accepted as a sign of confidence in the Democratic party.

It is a desperate movement, and in that resembles again the nomination of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Adams's election, even, would not be a Democratic victory, for, we repeat, it could be accomplished only by Republican votes. But his election is scarcely possible. By election day the forces that really control the Democratic party and the perilous results of a Democratic restoration will have become so evident that every honest and patriotic citizen will pause long before he decides to give even that countenance to them which a vote for Mr. Adams as a Democratic candidate would afford. This is not a government of men, but of parties, principles, tendencies, convictions; and when a man even so pure and competent as Mr. Adams, although retaining, as he will, his personal independence, is made a candidate by those whose party connections, antecedents, spirit, and purpose are so profoundly and justly distrusted as those of the Democratic party, an adverse vote will not show want of confidence or respect for the man, but for the dangerous schemes which seek to use him.

PERSONAL.

The late Rufus Choate is described in a late number of the Albany *Law Journal* as a man six feet in height, with a powerful chest and shoulders and gaunt frame. His hands and feet were large, and he walked with a rolling gait. His face, of a bilious, coffee-colored complexion, was deeply corrugated with wrinkles and hollows, and his eyes large, deep-set, and wonderfully expressive. His hair was black, curly, and luxuriant. He was generally attired in ill-fitting, slouching garments. He shrieked, raved, swung his fists, and distorted his body into unnatural contortions, and poured forth his arguments with startling force and velocity, but with the arrangement, detail, and wide command of language of a born orator, utterly forgetful of himself in the abandon of the moment, his whole soul being thrown into the cause he had undertaken to present.

—Six millions of dollars is the amount at which the personal estate of the late James Baird, the great Scottish iron-master, has just been probated. He had given away over two millions for religious and charitable objects.

—Sir Richard Wallace is about to erect ten more drinking fountains in Paris. The people who at first laughed at them now consider them indispensable.

—Mr. Motley is again the guest of the Queen of Holland, at her country-seat, the Huisten Bosch. He is accompanied by his two daughters, and is to stay several weeks.

—Sir Stafford Northcote, who is to be Mr. Disraeli's successor as leader of the House of Commons, is well remembered in Washington and New York as one of the High Joint Commission whose labors resulted in the Treaty of Washington. He is now in his fifty-eighth year, and has been in Parliament for the last twenty years. He is particularly distinguished in England for the interest he has taken in art and education. It used to be said jocularly of the British Commission that its principal members were "high joints," and the secretaries and attachés "second joints."

—The Comte de Paris has written to the Southern Historical Society at Richmond, desiring to become a member, in order to examine its documents relating to the civil war.

—Mr. Thomas Winans, of Newport, Rhode Island, has invented something new. It is an open-air church organ, the case forming an octagon-shaped house with three windows, with shutters which can easily be shut and opened to increase or decrease the volume of sound. The wind is supplied by a steam-engine, and the entire connection between pipes and keys is electrical. The wind power is three times the ordinary pressure. A Morse telegraph connects the organ with Mr. Winans's house, a distance of 350 feet.

—The Rev. Lyman Abbott, who has been the editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly* since its publication began, has left that paper, to assume editorial control of the *Christian Union*. Mr. Abbott belongs to a family long and honorably known in American literature. His father, Jacob Abbott, is the most popular and most useful writer in the world for children. He has always sought to instill knowledge through the medium of pleasant fiction, and not simply to amuse, and his success in this important department of literature is attested by the fact that children are as glad to read his books as parents are to give them the opportunity. The brother of Jacob Abbott, the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, is well known by his life of Napoleon, and by other popular works. Mr. Lyman Abbott is an accomplished journalist, a facile and interesting writer, and his accession to the editorship of the *Christian Union* will greatly increase the efficiency and popularity of that journal.

—Sir Julius Benedict, of London, is now seventy-two years of age. He has sent out to the world nearly 8000 pupils, and has conducted at least 10,000 concerts in his career of fifty years.

—Large numbers of authors and journalists attended the funeral of Madame Jules Janin, at her residence in Passy. Among them were Émile de Girardin, Alexandre Dumas, Alberic Second, and others of the illustrious literary confraternity that the great critic used to draw around him. Few that have followed the course of the literary life of Jules Janin with any degree of care or of interest but will remember the extremely absurd feuilleton which he wrote about his own marriage, and which gained for him the sobriquet of "the married man" for months after it appeared. Madame Janin, like the secretary of the great Duke of Wellington, could exactly imitate the handwriting of her lord and master, and used to answer nearly all his letters, signing them with the well-known J. Janin, reproduced to perfection. It therefore happens that many of the autographs now in circulation as those of the great critic were in reality written by his wife.

—Mr. James Laurenson, of the General Post-office Department, Washington, is the oldest postal clerk in the United States. He entered the Baltimore Post-office in 1819, and is now serving under the twenty-second Postmaster-General since that time.

—Speaking of Mr. Disraeli's last night in the House of Commons, our bright contemporary, the London *World*, says: "Whatever of dramatic effect there may from time to time have been in Mr. Disraeli's career in the House of Commons, his leave-taking was of the quietest. None in the House off the Treasury bench, and not all who sat there, had any idea that when, after the Appropriation Bill had been read a third time, close upon the midnight of Friday, the 11th August, Mr. Disraeli took up his hat, and, with his usual shrug of the shoulders, as if steadying himself for the exercise, walked out of the House, he would never return. The secret of his so-called 'elevation' to the peerage had been kept with remarkable success. The Marquis of Hartington went away without the slightest suspicion that he had for the last time seen Mr. Disraeli seated opposite to him. Even the whips on the Conservative side knew nothing of it; and when about midnight the rumor ran through the House, they discredited it. That was no difficult thing, for no one was inclined to believe it. I understand that the right honorable gentleman's own scruples on the matter were overcome by the repeated solicitations, which in this case were commands, of the highest lady in the land."

—Mr. Turbeville, an eccentric Englishman, died leaving $150,000 and three wills. The earliest of the wills bequeathed the estate to a nephew, the second to Charles Bradlaugh, and the latest to the physician who attended him in his last illness. In the lawsuit now in progress Bradlaugh conducts his own case.

—A worthy Bostonian called recently at the office of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and handed the Secretary a check for $10,000, saying that he wished to pay his legacy now, when it was so much needed.

—The old Hawthorne mansion on "Hathorne Hill," in Danvers, is coming down, after having stood for seven generations, as it was built in the reign of Charles I., which closed at the beginning of 1649, according to the modern mode of beginning years, that monarch dying of a cold chop on a colder January morning. William Hathorne built it, and John Hathorne lived there, the fierce witch-persecutor, who is more than once alluded to by his immortal descendant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and particularly in the amazingly clever introduction to that amazingly clever romance, *The Scarlet Letter*. Mr. Hawthorne was always called "Hathorne" by his early acquaintances, but Hawthorne is the name of the English family to which William Hathorne, founder of the race in America, belonged. The Hathornes always have been a remarkable race, and their supposed oddities took the form of genius in the extraordinary man who died in 1864. It is to be regretted that the "Old Mansion" should disappear; but there is no help for it. There is something grim in the thought that it goes down for the accommodation of a mad-house.

—Ex-United States Senator Revels, of Mississippi, refuses to accept the presidency of Alcorn University, which has been tendered to him, unless it can be arranged so as not to conflict with his present duties. He says: "And I will now inform all whom it may concern that I am, as rapidly as possible, through burning heat and stifling dust, traveling over my large district and seeing after the interests of the Church. And it gives me great pleasure to say that the churches in my charge are, every thing considered, doing well."

—Where gore is flowing, there will be found the female philanthropist of Great Britain. A late London journal says: "Miss Pearson and Miss M'Laughlin, accompanied by Mr. Hugh Jackson, have left for Belgrade, taking with them a good supply of medicines, lint, bandages, and hospital stores. Mr. Russell Thomas, of Middlesex Hospital, has by this time arrived at Belgrade, and Lieutenant Gordon, who has charge of the ambulance organized by the League in aid of the Christians in Turkey, left London on Saturday. The above-named ladies and gentlemen will form the nucleus of the British ambulance which the League is organizing for the help of the sick and wounded in Servia."

—The Earl of Ilchester has come a-touring to the United States. His name is Fox Strangways, and he represents the famous Sir Stephen Fox, the founder of the family made illustrious by Charles James Fox and the Hollands.

—In the list of tax-payers on real estate at Newport, Rhode Island, Mr. August Belmont is assessed on $130,000; George Bancroft, the historian, on $37,800; John W. Chandler, on $101,600; the late Charlotte Cushman's estate, on $26,100; the late Robert H. Ives's estate, on $356,400; the late Edward King's estate, on $400,000; Mr. E. D. Morgan, on $54,900; Seth Padelford, on $50,000; Henry G. Marquand, on $62,200; Mrs. Paran Stevens, on $77,300; and Mr. George P. Wetmore, on $302,200.

—Miss Braddon, says the London *Examiner*, "appears to have returned to her first love in art—the stage. She has made a successful experiment, it would seem, in the pretty little theatre of Jersey, and we presume will be encouraged to challenge the judgment of a larger audience. It is understood that in the days before *Lady Audley's Secret* became a sudden success, its authoress had appeared on the boards of a theatre in one of our northern cities, and was then believed to give promise of considerable dramatic talent. The remarkable popularity which she obtained as the author of sensation romances naturally turned her attention, for the time, away from the theatre."

—The fund for James Lambert, Charles Reade's "hero and martyr," has been revived, as its object is in want. Wilkie Collins has subscribed two guineas.

—Israel Washburn, the father of the Washburn brothers, nearly every one of whom has held high official positions, died in Livermore, Maine, September 1. He was almost a century old. He was a trader and farmer, and at one time a State legislator. He married Martha Benjamin, of Livermore, and nine of their eleven children are now living.

—Mr. Richard H. Stoddard has not yet recovered the use of his right hand, although it is constantly undergoing treatment; but he manages with his left hand to do continuous and very clever work.

—Mr. Disraeli, or rather the Earl of Beaconsfield, as he is now to be called, is not the first English peer of Hebrew origin. The London *Theological Review* contains an essay on "The Jews in England," by Rev. Philip Magnus, which gives the following account of the origin of a well-known noble family in England: "Among the men who very early amassed considerable fortunes may be mentioned the first Jewish baronet, Sir Solomon Medina, who accompanied the Duke of Marlborough in his several campaigns, and Sampson Gideon, 'the Jew broker,' who appears to have been sufficiently lucky or sagacious to have escaped the consequences of the crisis that followed the South-Sea Bubble. The descendants of both these men have been absorbed into the Christian world. Sampson Gideon, whose real name was Sampson de Rehuel Abudiente, left the synagogue in 1754, and his son, who married a Christian lady, was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Eardley, and was the ancestor on the female side of the family now bearing that name." Lady Emily Florence Eardley, of this family, is a daughter of James Magee, of New Orleans.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Vermont Republicans carried the State election, on the 5th inst., by a majority of between 23,000 and 24,000. The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention, on the 5th inst., renominated Governor Rice and the remainder of last year's ticket. The resumption of specie payments and a reform of the civil service were prominent features of the platform. General Butler was chosen one of the State Committee.

On the 6th inst. the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention nominated Charles Francis Adams for Governor. On the same day the Democrats of Connecticut nominated Richard D. Hubbard for Governor.

The California Grangers expect to ship 600,000 tons of wheat to England this fall.

The Delaware River is lower than it has been for several years, and in some places is nearly fordable.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to children has been organized in San Francisco.

There is a doubtful report that William M. Tweed has been arrested at Vigo, a Spanish sea-port.

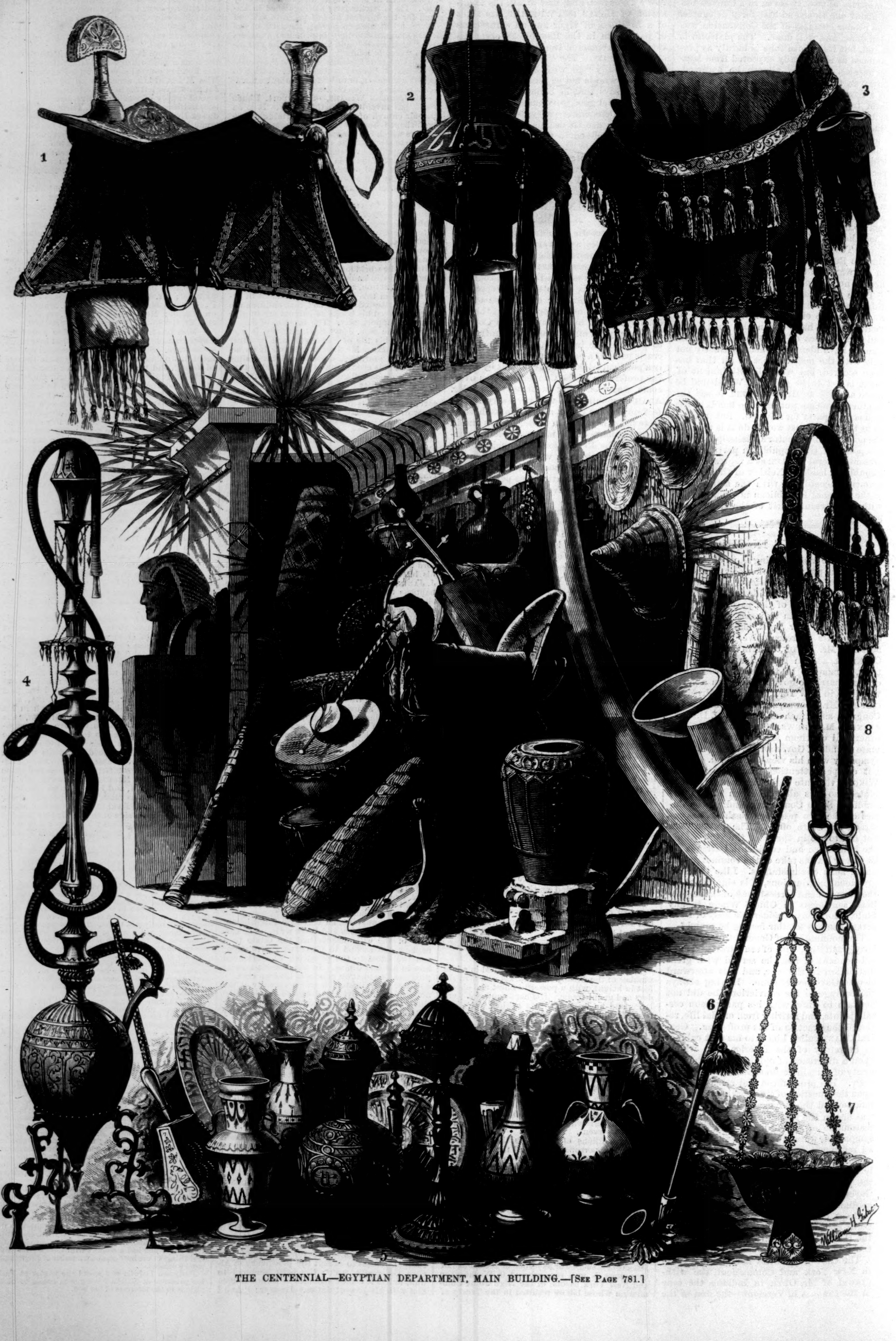
FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 1st of September the entire Turkish army attacked the Servian right wing near Alexinatz. The battle began at 8.30 A.M., and lasted until evening, when the Servians abandoned the field and retreated to Deligrad. The chief incidents of the conflict were an artillery duel early in the day, the burning of three villages, and the wholesale slaughter of Servians, who were exposed to a plunging fire from the Turkish artillery. The civil population have fled from Alexinatz, but fortified positions are still held there by the Servians. Proposals for peace have been made to the Porte by the embassadors of the European powers, acting as mediators.

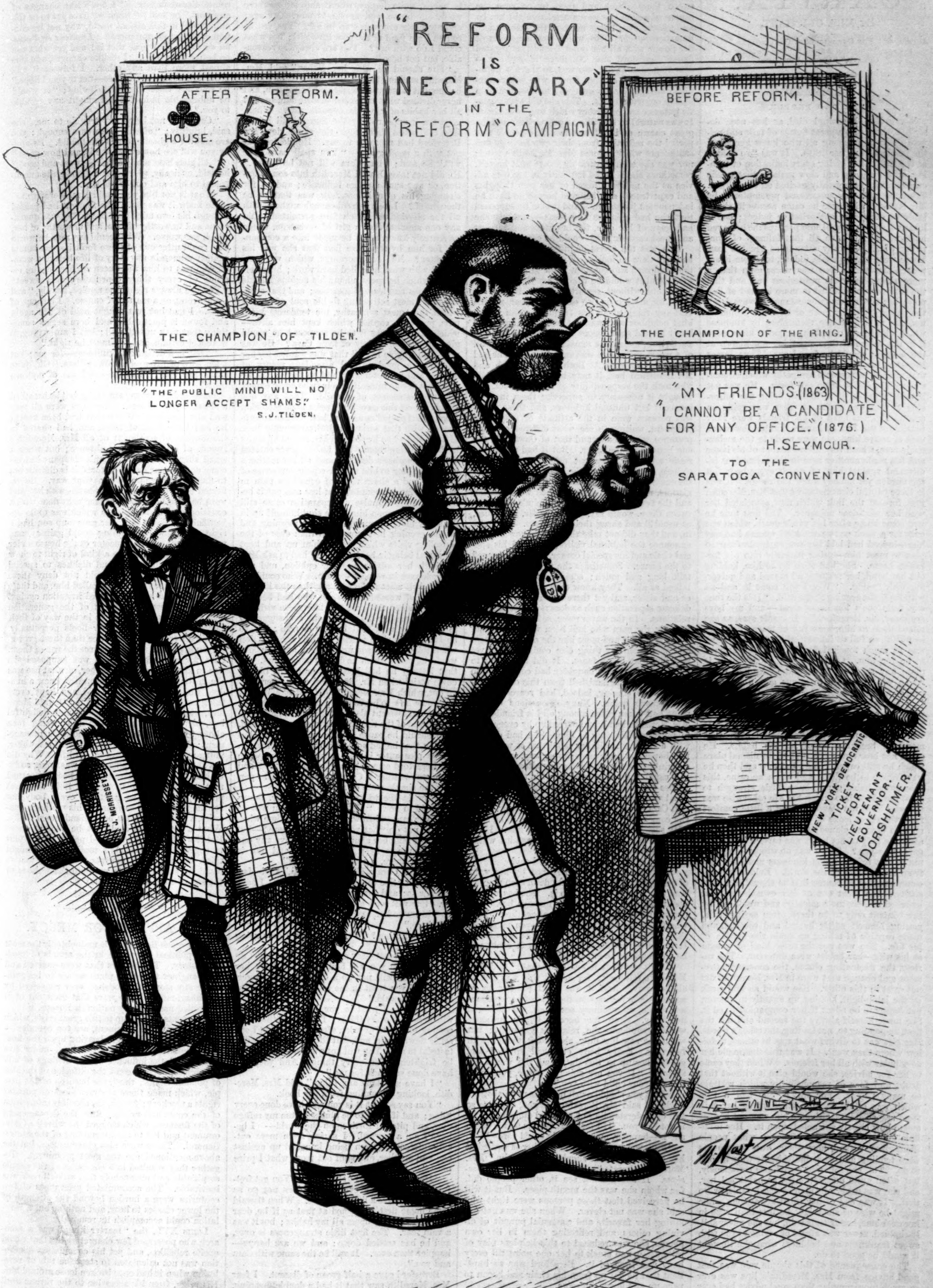
The Spanish government has ordered all native and foreign Protestant chapels, Bible Societies, and schools to immediately remove all external signs, placards, and inscriptions indicating their faith. The foreign societies have protested to their respective embassies.

There is news of an outbreak of hostilities on the west coast of Africa. A British expedition, consisting of three ships under Commodore Bruce, ascended the river Niger and had a conflict with the natives. Several villages were burned, and a number of Englishmen were wounded.

Ex-Queen Isabella will spend the winter at Paris, her presence at Madrid having been found to be injurious to the interests of her son.



THE CENTENNIAL—EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 781.]


"REFORM IS NECESSARY" IN THE "REFORM" CAMPAIGN.
AFTER REFORM.
HOUSE.
THE CHAMPION OF TILDEN.
"THE PUBLIC MIND WILL NO LONGER ACCEPT SHAMS." S. J. TILDEN.
BEFORE REFORM.
THE CHAMPION OF THE RING.
"MY FRIENDS." (1863) "I CANNOT BE A CANDIDATE FOR ANY OFFICE." (1876.) H. SEYMOUR. TO THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.
J.M.
J. MORRISSEY
NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC TICKET FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR. DORSHEIMER.
Th. Nast

PUTTING A HEAD ON.

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD PEOPLE.

When Mrs. Beresford died, as has been described, there was a great flutter of talk and private discussion among all who knew her about the particulars of her death. It was "so sudden at the last," after giving every indication of turning out a lingering and slow malady, that public curiosity was very greatly excited on the subject. True, the talk was suppressed peremptorily by Mr. Maxwell whenever he came across it, charitably by other less authoritative judges; but it lingered, as was natural, and perhaps the bereaved husband did not have all that fullness of sympathy which generally attends so great a loss. There were many people, indeed, to whom it appeared that such a loss was worse even than a more simple and less mysterious one, and that the survivor was entitled to more instead of less pity; but mysterious circumstances always damp the public sympathy more or less, and people do not like to compromise themselves by kindness which might seem complicity or guilty knowledge if in the course of time any thing not known at the moment should be found out. Thus James Beresford, though much pitied, did not meet with that warmth of personal sympathy which circumstances like his so often call forth. He was not himself sensible of it, indeed, being too miserable to take any notice of what was going on around him, but most of his friends were fully sensible of this fact, and aware that but few overtures of active kindness were made to the melancholy man, whose very abandonment of his home and life made another item in the mysterious indictment against him, of which every body felt the burden yet nobody knew the rights. It was in these painful circumstances that Mrs. Meredith first formed the link which now associated her with her next-door neighbor. The first time he had come home after his wife's death, which was only for a week or two, the kind woman had met him—indeed had laid her simple, tender-hearted plan to meet him—going listlessly into his forsaken home. She had gone up to him, holding out her hand, her features all moved and quivering with feeling. "Won't you come in and sit with me in the evening?" she said. "It is the time one feels one's loneliness most—and my boys are away, Mr. Beresford." Her soft eyes, as she raised them to him, were full of tears; her look so pitiful, so full of fellow-feeling, that his heart was as much touched for her as hers seemed to be for him. Of all ways of consolation, is there any so effective as that of leading those whom you grieve for to grieve also a little for you, as a fellow-sufferer? His heart was touched. He could not persuade himself to go the very first evening, but he came soon, and when he had come once, returned again and again. It was the first new habit he formed after that mournful breaking up of all his habits. He could not bear much at a time of the dismal place which he still called home; but now and then he was forced to be there, and when he came, this new sweet habit gave him a little strength to meet the chaos into which his life otherwise was thrown. Did not Dante, too, get a little comfort from the sweet looks of that sympathizing woman who used to glance at him from her window after the lady of his heart was carried by the angels to heaven? There was no wrong to his Annie in that refuge which kindness made for him from the miseries of the world. Evidently it became a matter of course that he should seek that shelter. He went out of his own house and knocked at hers mechanically, and would sit by her, content only to be there, often saying little, getting himself softly healed and soothed, and made capable of taking up again the burden of his life. She was not the same kind of woman as his wife—her habits were different. The variety, the fluctuating charm, the constant movement and change that were in Mrs. Beresford did not exist in this other. She would sit and work by the lamp-light, looking up sweetly to answer, but happy to be silent if her companion liked it. She made herself always the second and not the first, responding to, not leading, the other's words. Her gift was to divine what was in others, to follow where they went. It was this that made her so popular with all her friends. When they came to her for advice, she would give it without that doubt and fear of responsibility which restrain so many people. For why? She had a rule which was infallible, and which made her safe from responsibility, although she was not herself aware how closely she acted upon it. Her infallible guide was a faculty of seeing what people themselves wished, how their own judgments were tending, and what individually they wished to do. This she followed sometimes consciously, but often quite unconsciously, as habit led her, and she was never afraid of saying Do this, or Do that. It was one of her great attractions. She might be wise or she might be less than wise in her decisions, her friends said, but she never shilly-shallied, never was afraid of saying to you with sweet frankness and boldness what she thought it would be good to do.

The consequence of this simple rule was that good advice from Mrs. Meredith's lips was ever so much more popular than good advice had ever been known to be before. It is not a commodity which is generally admired, however admirable it may be; but those whom she advised were not only edified, but flattered and brightened. It made themselves feel more wise. It was sweet at once to the giver and to the receiver, and kindled an increased warmth of sympathy between them. Now and then, to be sure, the course of action she recommended might not be a successful one; but is not that the case with all human counsel? This, which was the secret of her power with all her other friends, subjugated James Beresford too. As there is nothing so dear to a man as his own way, so there is no individual so dear as that friend who will recommend and glorify his own way to him, and help him to enjoyment of it. This she did with a gentle patience and constancy which were wonderful. It was natural to her, like all great gifts; and the great charm of it all was that few people suspected the reflection from their own feelings and sentiments which colored Mrs. Meredith's mind; nor was she at all invariably aware of it herself. Sometimes she believed implicitly in her own advice as the natural growth of her own thoughts and experiences, and believed herself to have an independent judgment. And it is to be supposed that she had opinions and ideas—certainly she had ways of her own, the brightest and kindest and most caressing that could be conceived.

This was the secret of those absences which had left Cara so lonely. They had become now the confirmed and constant habit of her father's life. And it would be vain to say that this had been done without remark. While he was at home for a week or two only in a year, no one said any thing about his frequent visits to the kind neighbor who was not even a widow; but lately he had staid longer when he came back to the Square, sometimes remaining a month instead of a week, and now it was understood that he had returned "for good." Both Mrs. Meredith and Mr. Beresford had, it may be supposed, friends who took the responsibility of their conduct, and thought it necessary to supervise them in their innocent but unusual intimacy, and these excellent persons were in the attitude of suspended judgment, waiting to see what difference Cara's presence would make, and that of Oswald, in the one house and the other. But it had not as yet made any very apparent difference. At nine o'clock, or thereabouts, the door would shut in the one house, and cook and John would exchange glances, while in the other the bell would tinkle, and the two maids, who divided John's duties between them, would say, "There is Mr. Beresford, as usual!" and shrug their shoulders. He came in, and they did not take the trouble now even to announce the habitual visitor, who had his special chair and his special corner, as if he belonged to the house. Sometimes the two friends would talk long and much; sometimes they scarcely talked at all. They knew each other like brother and sister, and yet there was between them a delicate separation such as does not exist between relations. In the warm room, softly lighted and friendly, the man who had been wounded found a refuge which was more like the old blessedness of home than any thing else could be, and yet was not that blessedness. It did not occur to him that because his daughter had come back to him he was to be banished from this other shelter. Cara's coming, indeed, had scarcely been her father's doing. Many discussions on the point had taken place among all his friends, and Mrs. Meredith had been spurred up by every body to represent his duty to him. She had done it with a faint sense in her mind that it would affect herself in some undesirable way, and with a certainty that she was departing altogether from her usual rule of argument with the personal wishes of her clients. Mr. Beresford had no personal wish on the subject. He preferred rather that Cara should stay where she was happy. "If she comes here, what can I do for her?" he said. "My society is not what a girl will like. I can not take her to the dances and gayeties which will please her."

"Why not?" Mrs. Meredith had said.

"Why not!" He was petrified by her want of perception. "What could I do in such places? And she is happy where she is. She has women about her who know how to manage her. Her coming would derange my life altogether. You, who feel every body's difficulties—you must feel this. What am I to do with a girl of seventeen? It would be wretched for her, and it could not be any addition to my happiness."

"Don't you think too much of that?" said Mrs. Meredith, faltering; for indeed this was not at all her way. And it was hard for her to go against those feelings on the part of her companion which, on ordinary occasions, she followed implicitly. Even for herself Cara's presence would complicate the relations generally; but when she saw her duty, she did it, though with faltering. Every body else had spurred and goaded her up to this duty, and she would not shrink. "If you are going to settle, you ought to have your child with you."

"That you should dwell like this upon abstract oughts!" said Mr. Beresford; "you, who are so full of understanding of personal difficulties. It is not like you. If I feel that Cara is better where she is—happier, more suitably cared for—"

"Still, you know when the father is settled at home, his only child should be with him," Mrs. Meredith reiterated. She was faithful to her *consigne*. If she did not see it, other people did, for whom she was the mouth-piece. But it will be perceived that those persons were right who said she was not clever. When she was not following her favorite and congenial pursuit of divining others and reflecting them in her own person, she was reduced to this helpless play of reiteration, and stuck to her one point till every body was tired of it. Beresford was so impatient that he got up from his chair and began to pace up and down the room.

"There is reason in all things," he said. "My house now is emphatically a bachelor house; my servants suit me; my life is arranged as I like it, or at least as I can support it best. Cara would make a revolution in every thing. What should I do with her? How should I amuse her? for, of course, she would want amusement. And she is happy, quite happy, where she is; nowhere would she be so well as she is now. My aunt and my sister are wrapt up in her. Yes, yes, of course I am fond of my poor little girl; but what could I do with her? You are always so reasonable, but not here."

"She should be with her father," said Mrs. Meredith, sticking to her *consigne*; and of course he thought it was perversity and opposition, and never divined what it cost her to maintain, against all her habits of mind, the opposite side. When, however, it appeared by the Sunninghill letters that the ladies there took the same view, Mr. Beresford had no more to say. He yielded, but not with a good grace. "You shall have your will," he said; "but Cara will not be happy." He did not take Oswald Meredith into consideration, or any such strange influence; and as for changing his own habits, how was that to be thought of? Life was hard enough anyhow, with all the alleviations which fate permitted. Did any one suppose that a girl of seventeen, whom he scarcely knew, could be made into a companion for him by the mere fact that she was his daughter? No: his mornings, which were occupied with what he called hard work; his afternoons, which he spent among his serious friends in his clubs and learned societies; and that evening hour, most refreshing to his soul of any, in which the truest sympathy, the tenderest kindness, proved a cordial which kept him alive—which of these, was it to be supposed, he would give up for the society of little Cara? He was very glad to give her all that was wanted for her comfort—a good, careful attendant, plenty of dresses and pocket-money, and so forth; but he could not devote himself, surely (who could expect it?), to the society of a child. That any one should expect this gave him even a little repulsion from, a half prejudice against, her. When she appeared, with that serious, half-disapproving look of hers, and when he realized her, seated up stairs in that drawing-room which he had never entered since her mother's death, among all her mother's relics, recalling to him at once a poignant sense of his loss and a sharp thrill of conscious pain in having so far surmounted that loss and put it behind him, the impulse of separation came still more strongly upon him. He shut himself up in his study more determinedly in the morning, and in the evening had more need than ever of the consoling visits which wound him up and kept his moral being in harmony. He had to ask Mrs. Meredith her advice and her opinion, and ask her guidance in respect to Cara. Who could tell him so well what to do with a girl as the kindest and best of women? Oswald, who had been at home for some time, did not like these visits so well as his mother did, and no one ever suggested to the young man that he was *de trop*; but, to be sure, there were pauses in their conversation when this third person was present, and allusions would be made which he did not understand. So that latterly he had been out or in the library down stairs when Mr. Beresford came; very often out, which Mrs. Meredith did not like, but did not know how to prevent, for, to be sure, she felt the embarrassment also of her son's slight disapproval, and of the restraint his presence produced. Why should he cause a restraint? her boy! but she felt that he did so, and it made her unhappy. It was pleasanter in the former evenings, when Mr. Beresford came home only now and then, and there was neither a Cara nor an Oswald to perplex the simple state of affairs.

"How is she to amuse herself?" Mr. Beresford said to her. "Yes, yes, I know you will do what you can—when was there ever a time when you did not do what you could, and more?—but I can not take her about, I can not have any one in the house to keep her company, and how is she to live there, a young girl, alone?"

"I think Cara will do very well," said Mrs. Meredith. "She can always come to me. I have told her so; and the people we know are all calling. She will soon have plenty of friends. People will invite her, and you must go with her here and there."

"*I* go with her? You know how I hate going out!"

"Once, at least—say only once. You must do that, and then you will find Cara will have her friends; she will not be a difficulty any longer. I am glad you trust in me to do what I can for her—and Oswald."

"Of course I trust in you," he said; "but it will break up every thing. I know it will—after coming to a kind of calm, after feeling that I can settle down again, and that life is not utterly distasteful to me. You will not wonder that I should be frightened for every thing. And you, who have done so much for me."

"I have not done any thing," said Mrs. Meredith, looking up smiling from her book.

"You say so, but it is you who have done every thing; and if I am to be plucked from my refuge now, and pitched forth upon the world— I believe I am a coward. I shrink from mere outside intercourse, from being knocked up against one and another, and shut out from what I prize most."

"How can that be?" she said. "You get fretful, you men, when every thing does not go as you wish. Have a little patience. When Oswald came home first, it seemed at first as if he, dear boy, was going to upset all my habits; but it was a vain fear. The first little strangeness is over, and he has settled down; and we are happy—happier than ever. It will be the same with Cara and you."

Beresford gave a half groan of dissent. I fear Mrs. Meredith saw that it had a double meaning, and that it expressed a certain impatience of her son as well as of his daughter; but this was one of the things which she would not see.

"Yes," she said, with a little nod of her head, "I will answer for it, it will be just the same with Cara and you."

Mr. Beresford gave a little snort at this of absolute dissatisfaction. "I don't like changes of any kind," he said; "when we have got to be tolerably well in this dismal world, why not be content with it, and stop there? *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.* How true that is! and yet what can be better than well? I dislike changes, and this almost more than any other. I foresee it will bring me a thousand troubles—not to you, I hope," he said, his voice slightly faltering; "it would be unbearable indeed if it brought any trouble to you."

"Cara can not bring any trouble to me," she said, brightly; "of that I am sure enough: you are making a ghost of the dearest child. By-and-by you will see how sweet she is, and how good."

"All girls have a way of being sweet and good," he said, cynically, which was a mood quite uncongenial to him and out of his way.

"That is not like you," said Mrs. Meredith.

He knew it was not. The thought had passed through his own mind that the saying was ungenerous and unworthy of him, and unworthy of her, which was worse. What could any man be worth who could utter one of those foolish stock taunts against women in any story of life before a woman who was to him the queen of friends, the essence of every thing consolatory and sweet? "You are always right," he replied, hastily, "and I am wrong, as a matter of course. I am out of sorts. I had but just caught hold of life again and found it practicable, and here seems something that may unsettle all; but I am wrong, it is almost certain, and you must be right."

"That is a delightful sentiment—for me; but I am sure of my ground about Cara. Oh, quite sure," she said; "as sure—as I am of my own boys."

Beresford did not say any thing, but he breathed a short, impatient sigh. Her boys were all very well at a distance. When they had been absent he had been fond of them, and had shared in the touches of sentiment of all Mrs. Meredith's friends of regret for their absence; but when a small share even of a woman's company has become one of your daily comforts, it is difficult not to find her grown-up son in your way. He reflected upon this as he shook hands with her, and went back to his dwelling-place next door with a consciousness of impatience which was quite unjustifiable. To be sure, her grown-up son had a right to her which nothing could gainsay, and was, in a sort of a way, master of the house under her, and might even have a kind of right to show certain mild objections and dislikes to special visitors. Mr. Beresford could not deny these privileges of a son; but they galled him, and there was in his mind an unexpressed irritation against those troublesome members of the generation who would thrust themselves in the way of their elders, and tread upon their heels perpetually. Children were much pleasanter than these grown-up young people. He did not see the use of them. Cara, for instance, though it was supposed she was to keep house for her father, of what use was she in the house? Cook (naturally) knew a hundred times more than she did, and kept every thing going as on wheels. As for Oswald Meredith, who had been a sprightly and delightful boy, what was he now?—an idle young man about town, quite beyond his mother's management; doing nothing, probably good for nothing, idling away the best years of his life. Why did not she send him to India, as he was doing so little here? What an ease to every body concerned that would be! He thought of it in the most philosophical way, as good for every body but for the young man—a relief to his mother's anxieties, a thing which his best friends must desire. What a pity that it could not be done at once! But it would scarcely be good policy on his part to suggest it to Oswald's mother. She might think he had other motives, and what motive could he have except to promote the welfare of the son of such a kind friend?

[to be continued.]

AN APPEAL FOR MERCY.

The French Revolution is undoubtedly the most awful political hurricane in the annals of modern history. The horrors that were enacted and the slaughter that took place reduce to insignificance any story of bloodshed ever conceived by the imagination. The wars that grew out of it embroiled nearly every nation in Europe.

The events that led up to this great crisis, which convulsed a whole continent, are too complex to be easily traced in their bearing upon the final result, but they may be generalized under five heads: first, the influence of the writings of infidel philosophers; second, the diffusion of the idea of popular rights; third, the burdens of the people, which made these abstract ideas of popular rights a mockery; fourth, the absolute infatuation of the court and nobles; fifth, the derangement of the finances, which clogged the wheels of government and led to the assembling of the States-General. There were also other causes, but the above-mentioned are the most prominent. Together they resulted in a condition of the people so pitiable and melancholy that an outbreak was inevitable. The accumulated grievances of two centuries were a burden beyond the strength of the lower classes to bear, and nothing but a revolution could accomplish its removal.

Louis XVI., the "martyr king," was a monarch who possessed few characteristics that would excite rebellion, and yet his conciliatory disposition was not calculated to stem the tide of revolution when it had once broken loose around him. His reign, from his accession to the throne until he was forced to part with the last vestige of kingly power, was but a series of concessions that came too late. The people were tired of the arbitrary powers of their monarch, and he was disposed to abandon them; they were provoked at the expensive corruptions of the court, and he was both innocent in his tastes and economical in his pleasures; they demanded reformation in the administration of affairs, and he was disposed to grant it. Yet with all his desire for public good, his hands were too weak to accomplish the immediate reform of vices so firmly rooted under the rule of his ancestors that only a mighty overthrow of ancient systems could exterminate them.

Every concession that was made by Louis XVI. to the republican parties in France but led to fresh and more audacious demands on their part. Urged on by their unprincipled leaders, the people, who at first had demanded reform, now shouted for a republic, and finally demanded that it should be cemented by the blood of the aristocrats. On the 20th of January, 1793, sentence of death was passed against the king himself, and on the following day the royal head fell from the block. Republicanism had triumphed. But in the alarm that ensued, when the united powers of Europe threatened vengeance for the hideous deed, its leaders began to tremble, and the Committee of Public Safety was appointed. Robespierre and Marat were the leading members. And this committee, though required to report to the Convention as the supreme authority, had really all the power of government. It named and dismissed generals, judges, juries; brought forward all public measures in the Convention; ruled provinces and armies; controlled the Revolutionary Tribunal; made requisitions of men and money; and appointed other revolutionary committees. The latter sprang up in every part of the kingdom to the frightful number of fifty thousand.

Then commenced the reign of terror, when all the prisons of France were filled with victims. These were generally the most worthy people in the community, whose only crime was in being obnoxious to the ruling powers. Those who were suspected fled, if possible, but were generally unable to carry away their property. Millions of property were confiscated. The prisons were crowded with the rich, the elegant, and the cultivated classes. Thousands were guillotined; and universal fear and anarchy reigned without a parallel. Deputies, even those who had been most instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, were sacrificed by the triumphant Jacobins. Women and retired citizens were not allowed to escape their fury and vengeance. Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth and Madame Roland were among the first victims. Then it was that scenes like the one in our engraving became of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. Delicate and beautiful women knelt before the bloody autocrats of the Revolution, offering a vain appeal for the safety of those dear to them. But the savage cruelty of the republican leaders, tasting for the first time the sweets of power, was not to be satisfied until the populace, sated with gore, arose *en masse* and stilled their proceedings with the menacing cry of "No more bloodshed!"

Marat and Robespierre themselves shared the fate of their victims. Upon the former, vengeance was wreaked by the hand of a woman. From the town of Caen came Charlotte Corday, and, after many unsuccessful attempts, made her way to the presence of Marat. The so-called "father of his country" was seated in his bath. A cloth had been thrown over him, and he was writing upon a board, which he used as a desk. He put a few questions to his visitor, who suddenly approached the bath, and, leaning over it, struck the occupant with her knife. The blow was dealt with such force that the weapon entered Marat's bosom up to the hilt. He uttered a single cry, and expired almost immediately. Robespierre's death occurred upon the scaffold. In the diary of Charles Henri Sanson, executioner of Paris during the Revolution, occurs the following entry: "Robespierre was the tenth to appear on the platform. He went up the steps of the scaffold without any assistance whatever. His demeanor exhibited neither weakness nor assumed bravery; his eye was cold and calm. The men were ordered to take off the linen in which the prisoner's face was wrapped. They did so, and uncovered the broken jaw. The pain must have been horrible, for Robespierre uttered a fearful cry. The blood trickled down from the jaw, and the mouth remained wide open. He was immediately strapped down, and, less than a minute after, the knife fell. The head was shown to the crowd, like that of the king."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some time during September it is expected that the great explosion of the Hallet's Point Reef, at Hell Gate, will take place. The excavations were finished some months ago, but some difficulty in regard to appropriations has delayed the completion of the work. It is not anticipated that the explosion will be much of an exhibition to mere spectators, but its effects will be observed with great interest by scientific men. A good view can be obtained at certain localities on the New York and the Long Island sides; but as no vessels of any kind will be permitted to go near the place during the time appointed for the explosion, it will be impossible to see any thing from any station on the river. Guard-boats will be placed at various points to prevent the passage of vessels within dangerous limits. The work of opening the shaft commenced in October, 1869. Its size is 117 by 62 feet, and it extends to a depth of 33 feet below tide mark. The shafts, tunnels, and galleries cover an area of about two and five-eighth acres. The roof or shell of rock above has an average thickness of ten feet, and is supported by 172 piers of rock. The total length of all the tunnels or headings which lead from the entrance is 4857 feet; and the whole length of the intersecting galleries is 2568 feet. There are about 4000 drill holes, three inches in diameter, and varying from seven to thirteen feet in depth, each one of which is separately charged with the explosives used. Until within about two years nitro-glycerine was used in the blasting operations. Since then various kinds of explosives have been tried, all of them being nitro-glycerine compounds.

Work on the Hudson River Tunnel will soon be resumed, from the foot of Fifteenth Street, on the New Jersey shore. The entrance on the New York side will be in the vicinity of Washington Square. The tunnel will be about two miles in length, and have a road-bed of twenty-three feet, with two tracks, and the whole distance lighted by gas. It will be used for conveying passengers from one side to the other, but more especially for the rapid transportation of freight to and from the railroad dépôt in Jersey City. The estimated cost of the work is $15,000,000; and it is proposed to employ so many laborers that the tunnel shall be completed in about two years.

The following recently published table exhibits the population and total daily consumption of water in several large cities:

	Inhabitants.		Gallons.
London	3,700,000	....	122,000,000
New York	1,200,000	....	114,000,000
Philadelphia	750,000	....	42,000,000
Manchester	750,000	....	16,000,000
Chicago	475,000	....	38,000,000
Cincinnati	275,000	....	15,000,000
Sheffield	265,000	....	5,000,000

It will be clearly seen that the ratio of consumption is much greater in American than in European cities—particularly in New York. This is partly due to various improvements of baths, etc., in modern dwellings, to the extensive use of water for manufacturing purposes, and to a free use of water in various other ways. But that there is in many places a needless waste of the Croton is quite certain.

Somebody remarks concerning the oyster: "Nobody knows who ate him first, but now he is accepted as good. Four thousand millions (4,000,000,000), or thereabouts, of him are eaten in New York city alone in a single year."

From Minnesota comes the report that an egg-eating bug is surely destroying all the eggs laid by the grasshoppers this year, so that the farmers of that State may hope to be free from this enemy. Those who have given the subject examination believe these bugs will be a complete success.

An article in *Appleton's Journal* speaks of an old and wealthy Parisian beggar who, in a moment of communicative confidence, gave the following as his "code" of begging:

Never ask alms from—

1. A man who is coming from dinner; roast beef renders one selfish.
2. A gentleman who is following a lady.
3. Men who are too fat; it annoys them to stop.
4. A lady who is alone and unobserved.
5. Gentlemen who are putting on their gloves.

But ask always from—

1. A man who is going to dinner; he sympathizes with the empty stomach.
2. A lady who knows she is being followed.
3. People who are walking two by two; their *amour propre* makes them give.
4. Officers in full-dress uniform.
5. Office-seekers going into cabinet ministers' bureaus; they give in hope that it will bring them luck.

It is said that Harriet Martineau had not gone out beyond her garden for the seventeen years before she died. She was, however, always cheerful, read the magazines and newspapers thoroughly, and talked much of her old friends.

Many Chinese words, taken from the written language, have been introduced into the Japanese vocabulary. In fact, for almost every native word, the Japanese have an equivalent Chinese word.

Once upon a time, and not very long ago, a reverend gentleman entered the cars at a station in New England with three pieces of baggage, which he deposited in three different seats, and then seated himself in a fourth. Many passengers entered and looked inquiringly at these seats, but in vain. By-and-by the reverend gentleman took out a Bible and began to read. A youth sitting near asked to borrow the Bible, and after making some commonplace remark upon the excellent type and good binding, suddenly said, in a tone which could be heard all around, "I will read a few passages from Paul's Epistle to James: 'Be ye kind and obliging one to another. Thou shouldst not occupy more than three or four seats when thou ridest in the cars, for if thou doest this thing thou greatly discommodest thy beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ.' Good-by, Sir. You have a fine volume of Scripture, and I commend it fully to your study. Good-by, Sir. I get out at this station." And the young man of joking sarcasm disappeared. But there was a long-continued tumult in that car.

Chinese immigration appears to be rapidly decreasing on the Pacific coast. Several steamers which have arrived there lately have not averaged two hundred each. Not long ago steamers brought from eight hundred to fifteen hundred each. Up to last May, when the anti-Chinese agitation began, the arrivals amounted to nearly three thousand a month. Various measures have been adopted by many of the citizens of San Francisco to discourage the employment of the Chinese, and the Chinese companies there have warned their countrymen that the climate is unhealthy for them, and these things have well-nigh stayed the tide of immigration.

Many years ago there was a law upon the statute-books of Connecticut binding masters not to feed their apprentices on fresh salmon more than twice or thrice a week. And now the New Haven *Register* speaks of a time—a very good time, we should think—when shad were caught in Connecticut rivers, but that salmon were so plenty also that whoever bought a shad was expected to take a couple of salmon for the sake of getting them out of the way. In fact, salmon were not of much account.

On a tombstone at Stirling Castle, about thirty miles northwest of Edinburgh, Scotland, is the following epitaph:

> "Our life is but a winter day:
> Some only breakfast and away;
> Others to a dinner stay,
> And are full fed.
> The oldest man but sleeps
> And goes to bed.
> Large is his expense,
> That lingers out the day;
> He that goes soonest
> Has the least to pay."

The *Mentor* is a little paper edited and printed by the patients of the Alabama Insane Hospital at Tuscaloosa. Most of the articles relate to the treatment of the insane. One article, entitled "Insane Responsibility," contains this passage: "It would benefit all insane persons, even the inmates of hospitals, to know that they are amenable to the laws of the land. Many a time we have heard inmates say, 'If I cut, burn, or kill, nothing can be done to me. They say I am insane. That gives me a loop-hole for escape, let me do what I may.'" Mention is made in one number of the paper that the superintendent not long since called a jury of the patients to decide whether one of their number was a thoroughly sane person or not. All but one agreed that he was. The dissentient saw one evidence of insanity—the subject of inquiry was a believer in spiritualism. So it seems that the standard of sanity in hospitals is more exacting than outside of them.

The bore of the great English 81-ton gun, originally fourteen and a half inches, is now being increased to sixteen. When the operation of enlarging the calibre is completed, the gun will be tested with larger charges than have yet been fired from it. After that, still another inch may be bored out, making the calibre seventeen inches, and the process of testing will then probably go on until the enormous cannon is crippled. In this way the officers at Woolwich can best learn what details of construction to adopt in finishing the four additional 81-ton guns now being made at the royal gun factories there.

Congress at its last session separated the appropriations for inland mail transportation so as to provide an appropriation for service by railroad separate from that on other routes. For "star service"—which is service of all kinds except that performed by railroads—an ample appropriation was provided, but it was very meagre for railroad service. The Postmaster-General is, therefore, unable to order any service on new railroads. In some cases more than half the expense might be saved by a transfer from a "star route" to a railroad, but there is no money to be paid for railroad service, and consequently the transfer can not be made without violation of law.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Sunday, 24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 1.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 8.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 18.—St. Luke.
Sunday, 22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

The scheme of religious summer encampments, which may be said to be naturalized in the United States, finds favor in the eyes of our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. The American correspondent of the London *Times* wrote for that paper a description of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, in a lively, satirical fashion, but, possibly to his surprise, there was an instant call for a similar sea-side resort in England. The London *Christian World* says: "There is a freedom and originality in social experiments in America which in our more staid and ancient community it might not be possible or wise to attempt to imitate; but, as a contemporary has suggested, it might be worth while to try some such scheme as this in England, if any body could find a spare bit of coast big enough."

The New York State Universalist Convention, which met at Utica, August 31, reported for the year a gain of 11 parishes, 559 families, 484 church members, 11 meeting-houses, 12 ministers, and church property to the value of $108,217. The present totals for the State are 137 parishes with 6000 families, 94 churches with 4874 members, 104 Sunday-schools with 8870 members, 121 meeting-houses, 111 ministers, and church property valued at $1,549,977. The Executive Board reported claims against it amounting to $3700, and no funds in hand. It was proposed to apportion the debt to the parishes. The Harsen Fund for the relief of needy ministers received during the year $6492, and disbursed $2677. There is now held for it in bonds and mortgages the sum of $41,000.

The *Jewish Messenger* expresses the opinion that, "considering all the circumstances and the proportion of Jews, the Jew in the Centennial Exposition has given more proof of the effects of civilization than any other race." It ascribes the great progress of the Jews in the arts, during the last hundred years, to their liberation and the attainment by them of political equality. The *Messenger* advises Jewish parents to see to it that their sons learn useful trades. "Let," it says, "our Jewish boys seek not so much to become merchants and lawyers and journalists, but to go as apprentices into the great factories and workshops, and show what they can make out of the inventions, or become inventors."

The 10th of September was an important time for the Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland. On that day Dr. Herzog, the first bishop chosen in its history, was consecrated. It was expected that Bishop Reinkens would be the consecrator; the Archbishop of Utrecht, it was hoped, would also be present. The venerable cathedral of Solothurn was selected as the place, and it was anticipated that a great number of the reformed Catholics of Switzerland would witness the consecration. It has been decided that the new bishop shall not be addressed by the title of "Monseigneur;" his symbols of office—mitre, cross, staff, and ring—will also be of the simplest construction.

An instance has lately occurred of a secession from the Free Church of Scotland to the State Kirk. The Rev. James M'Naught, pastor of the Maitland Church, Glasgow, has not only made this ecclesiastical change, but has carried his people with him. He is a member of the minority led by the Rev. Dr. Begg, and has been for some time dissatisfied with his Free Church relations.

As an illustration of what can be done in the Christianization of the American Indians, may be noted the formation of the "Choctaw and Chickasaw Woman's Baptist Missionary Society." Its members are inhabitants of the Indian Territory. The president, says a correspondent of the Chicago *Standard*, is "a full-blooded Choctaw, can not speak a word of English, owns and manages a farm in the Red River bottoms, and is regarded as a woman of unusual ability. She has built, mostly from her own means, a meeting-house near her home." This organization is said to be the first of the kind among the Indians. Its object will be to extend Christianity among their own people and the wild Indians who live beyond the borders of the Territory.

The opinions expressed by the Methodist organs of opinion upon the plan of adjustment recently adopted by the joint commissioners continue to be very favorable. The Southern Methodist ministers of Richmond, at their meeting held September 3, declared "their cheerful acquiescence in and hearty approval of all that was done by the commissioners touching the whole question of fraternity between the two co-ordinate branches of the great Methodist family on this continent." The *Central Christian Advocate* (St. Louis) says: "We are highly delighted with the result, but not greatly surprised, for the differences of feeling that stood in the way of fraternity, and which have been really greatly magnified on both sides, grew mostly out of a misapprehension of the real state of sentiment in the Churches toward each other."

The work of cathedral restoration in England goes on successfully, but not always smoothly. Exeter and Chester have been restored and reopened to the public, and renovated Durham will in October have its festival occasion. Dr. Baring, the Bishop of Durham, has, however, declined to preach the opening sermon, on the ground of objection to the expenditure of so much money. He is of opinion that the funds at the disposal of the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral should have been applied to the increase of churches and clergy in the diocese. Dr. Baring is a leader of the Evangelicals in the Established Church; his diocese is one that increases rapidly in population.

Two important orders have recently been issued by the Italian Ministry of State. One directs all orphanages now under the control of Roman Catholic corporations to be administered by laymen; the other forbids all religious processions outside the churches. In regard to the latter, however, prefects are authorized to issue permits, if applied for a fortnight in advance.

Protestant city mission work appears now to be well organized in the city of Paris. Under the charge of the Rev. R. A. M'All are eighteen preaching stations established in the outer arrondissements of Paris. During the year last reported 2682 services were held, which were attended by 197,366 persons. Adult classes are held for instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and Bible classes have been organized. The results are said to be very promising.

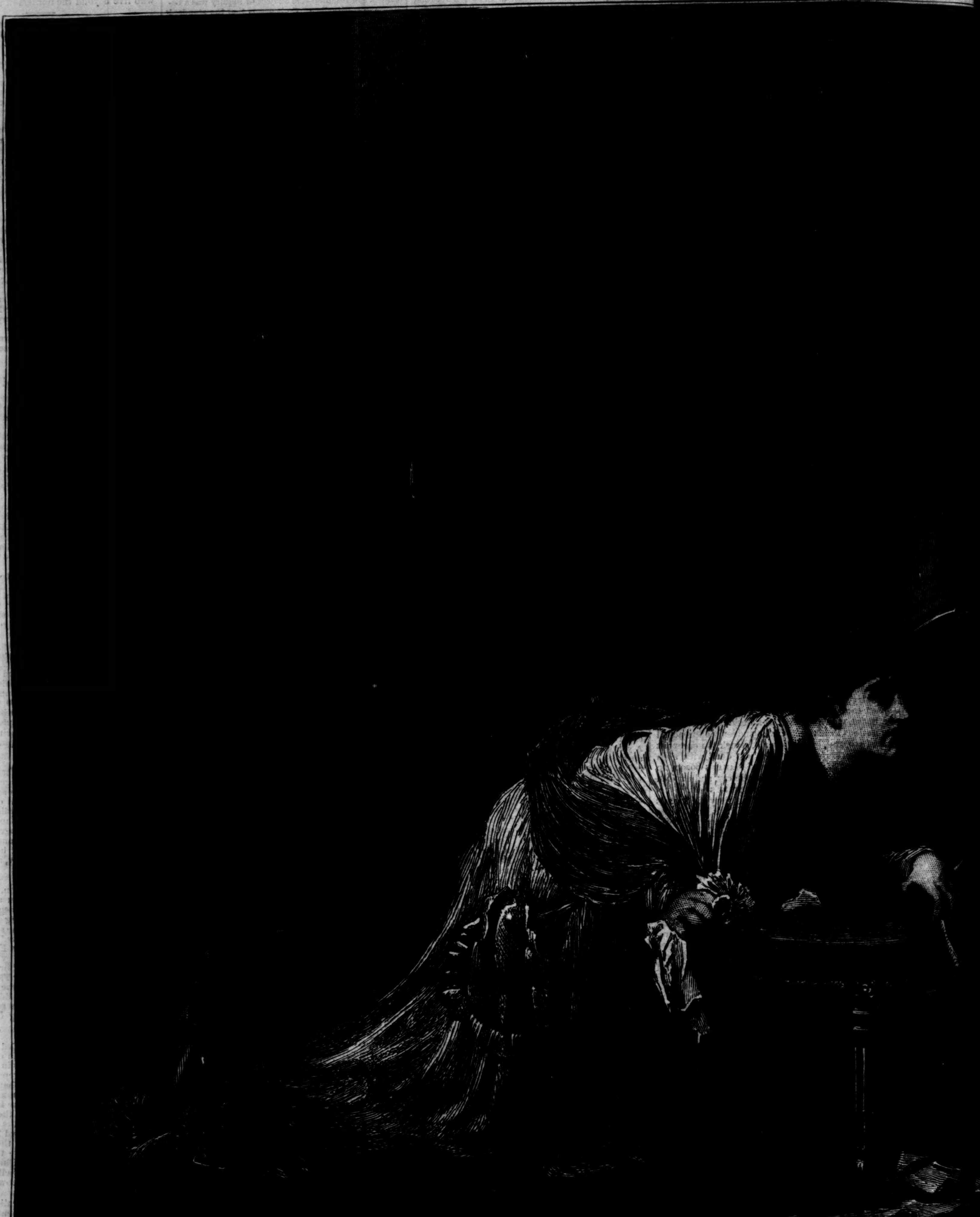
In pursuance of a purpose to reorganize the Russian monastic institutions, the imperial government has ordered an official examination to be made of their condition and revenues. The total number of monasteries and convents is ascertained to be 540, and the total revenue 9,000,000 rubles (the silver ruble of Russia is about seventy-five cents in value). Three of the great monasteries—Kief, Moscow, and St. Petersburg—have an income of 2,000,000 rubles. It appears that the monks and nuns maintain very few charities with all this money. The entire number of hospitals connected with the monasteries is 102, with 1500 patients. The government purposes to establish a central administration of monastic property, to allow a fixed sum for the support of each monastic community, and to devote the surplus of revenue to ecclesiastical education.

It was predicted by many that the new German law requiring civil marriage and civil registration of births would lead to an entire discontinuance both of baptisms and of the religious marriage ceremony. The prediction has been falsified; statistical reports show that neither baptisms nor religious marriages have sensibly diminished. Bavaria, Saxony, and Mecklenburg, which it was supposed would be especially affected by the change of the law, are less affected than other German states.

The Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, was announced to preach the opening sermon at the National Unitarian Conference, which began in Saratoga September 12. The following are the topics proposed for discussion, and the speakers: "The Church the Centre of Charities," by Dr. Rufus Ellis; "The Experiment of a Free Church, its Difficulties and Advantages," by the Rev. Dr. J. Freeman Clarke; "The Labor Question," by the Rev. Calvin Stebbins; "The Essential Piety of Modern Science," by the Rev. John W. Chadwick; "The Religious Education of the Young," by the Rev. E. P. Powell." Saratoga was the place of the meeting of the National Conference two years ago.

Lord Northbrook has added his testimony to that of Sir Bartle Frere in confirmation of the value of Christian missions in India. "Some of the Christian sects," he is reported as stating in a public address, "he was happy to say, had been very successful, not so much with educated Indians as when they came in contact with the aboriginal inhabitants in the interior. He had himself visited a part of the country where the native Christians numbered 25,000." Lord Northbrook also expressed the opinion that some of his hearers might live to see the East Indians "adopt a form of Christianity more nearly approaching the simplicity of the apostolic church than any which now existed."

While Lord Sandon's Education Bill was under consideration in Parliament, the question was raised of the amount of work accomplished by English Dissenters in the religious training of the young. By way of answer, the following Sunday-school statistics have been presented: The Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-schools number 725,000 pupils; Primitive Methodist, 335,000; United Methodist Free Churches, 176,000; Calvinistic Methodist, 154,000; New Connexion Methodist, 73,000; other Wesleyan organizations, 74,000; Congregational Churches, 536,000; Baptist, 334,000; English Presbyterian Churches, 45,000; all other Protestant Free Churches, 100,000. This total of over two and a half millions of children under Sunday-school instruction is a very fair indication of the strength of dissent in England.



AN APPEAL FOR MERCY—AN INCIDENT OF THE FREN EVOL

EN EVOLUTION.—From a Picture by Marcus Stone.—[See Page 774.]

MR. TILDEN'S POLITICAL HISTORY, 1865–1868.

THE death of LINCOLN left a period of trial behind it. The spirit of riot and rebellion in New York, after the fall of Richmond, was still kept alive by the busy ultramontanes. Jesuitism took the control of the Democratic party, and the bitterest hatred was incessantly shown by all its adherents for the tottering republic. The papal clubs and journals, editors and politicians, labored together to prevent the reconstruction of the government. They evinced their plain sympathy with DAVIS and his fallen conspirators. It was the slave-holder and not the slave who had won the lasting favor of the ultramontanes of Paris and New York. All the followers of the extreme notions of infallibility showed their dissatisfaction at the suppression of the rebellion by an open sympathy with the fallen tyranny, and all the Irish Catholic orators of New York lent their aid to excite a popular discontent at the North with the victory of freedom. In the midst of this motely throng of foreign agitators, always supported by the ruling "Church," although not yet possibly its favorite son, we find Mr. TILDEN making his way onward. From the year 1865 the Roman Catholic and ultramontane party which had so long governed New York began to aspire more openly to the control of the whole Union. Since 1865 the Democracy has been little more than its obedient instrument. Democrats in Illinois or Indiana accepted the aid and adopted the policy of the Roman Catholic rulers of the metropolis. A careful and powerful organization had grown up in New York, controlled by the Roman Catholics, which had established and which still retains its authority in every State of the Union, and has converted what was once the Democracy of MARCY and WRIGHT into a faction hostile to all that Americans hold dear. Republicanism and its fruits have no fiercer assailants than the *Catholic World* or the *Catholic Telegraph*. It would be impossible to gather together all the bitter innuendoes or the wild slanders with which the "Catholic" journals of New York have pursued all the most valuable sources of American progress. Unsectarian schools, toleration, free thought, a free press, Protestantism, progress, are the chief themes of "Democratic" or Roman Catholic ridicule and contumely; and this not in some dark and savage region of Italy or Spain, but in the heart of what ought to be the most cultivated and progressive of cities. To such a class of constituents Mr. TILDEN and his associates owe their rise to power. Such is the dangerous faction which, under the name of Democracy, now governs the city of New York, and from what it deems an impregnable citadel extends its imperious authority over the Democratic leaders of the nation.

The period from 1865 to 1868 was one of danger and disquiet. The war was over, but its fatal consequences seemed to promise the ruin of the nation. Only the faithful and the sincere Republican in that moment of peril held fast to his trust in the virtue of the people and the final triumph of freedom. "We are going the way of other democracies, empires, and republics," wrote the New York *Herald* as late as August 6, 1868. "Mexico itself may be a respectable power beside what the United States will appear when political anarchy has done its worst." "We have entered upon a career in which no nation of the past was ever able to stop midway." These melancholy forebodings were re-echoed by all the ultramontane papers, and there was possibly some reason for their startling pictures. Mr. JOHNSON'S feeble and untrustworthy administration seemed to arouse anew the rebel element, and promise a fresh revolution. All over the Southern States the lawless part of the population plunged into new crimes. There were disturbances in Tennessee, murders of Union soldiers in Louisiana, Texas unsubdued, Georgia almost in rebellion. "I am weary of this record of Radical crime," cried TOOMBS, and urged his hearers on to new treason. Under Mr. JOHNSON'S weak rule the small band of Southern traitors who had driven their countrymen into revolt fancied that there was still hope for the "lost cause." The President had apparently betrayed and deserted the party of union and freedom. He began a mad struggle against the "Radical" or Republican majority in Congress. The people were amazed, disheartened, and in doubt. They hesitated, faltered. And the keen and unsparing Democratic and ultramontane leaders, who now ruled New York, believed that the moment had come to strike the fatal blow at freedom on the Western continent. They hoped by the aid of the Southern traitors to fix their iron rule over the fallen North. The whole New York Democracy, now chiefly made up of Irish Catholics and ultramontane Germans, grew extraordinarily active. In 1866 Mr. TILDEN, with Messrs. RYNDERS, HOFFMAN, and others, appeared at a large political meeting at Cooper Institute to defend Mr. JOHNSON and enforce the rule of the New York Ring. Already it was believed in 1866 that the men with whom Mr. TILDEN was connected were thieves. Even the New York *Herald* (October, 1867) scoffs at the rapacity of the O'REILLYS and O'KELLYS. And Mr. PARTON, in the *North American Review*, 1866, had shown how New York was being robbed by Mr. TILDEN'S companions. Is it possible to believe that Mr. TILDEN did not know the character of the men with whom he was in constant intercourse? Yet in 1866 he is joined in all their plots, and without a blush, by his skillful tactics, helped to enforce the subjection of the city. His favorite part has always been that of a reformer. It was as a reformer that, in 1866, he lent his services to TWEED and SWEENY. It was as a reformer that he led on his ultramontane followers to the sack of the city. The O'REILLYS and O'KELLYS, TWEED, COX, BROOKS,* HALL, HOFFMAN, or SEYMOUR, heard, not without a smile, his promises of purity and reform. "We pledge ourselves," cried the Democracy of 1867, animated by Mr. TILDEN'S voice, "to redeem New York from corruption and misrule." At the meeting at Tammany Hall, October 10, 1867, Mr. TILDEN said "it would remain for New York to give the finishing blow to Radical misrule." These remarkable reformers had nearly won the control of the country. The miscreants who led the Democratic party in New York and the nation, and the foreign clubs who governed them, were in 1867 almost startled at their own success. The Union party seemed shattered into fragments. TILDEN, TWEED, TOOMBS, and DAVIS were the rulers of the hour. Tammany Hall resounded with the clamor of its disloyal assemblies. The leaders of the New York Democracy felt sure of an immunity for all their crimes. In the fall elections of 1867 California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Nebraska, yielded to the arts of TILDEN and TWEED. In November their joy was redoubled. New York city gave an enormous, unprecedented majority of 61,000 for the members of the Ring. The Legislature, although Republican, was not inaccessible to TWEED'S peculiar influence. Ultramontanism had re-asserted its rule over the chief city of the New World. The papal clubs were full of new life.

If we consider the Democratic party of this period as governed wholly by its Roman Catholic managers in New York, fed by their money, sustained by their votes, guided by men steeped in crime, trembling with apprehension, and who were saved only by the "Catholic" influence in the city from prison or exile—a compact, resolute body, swift, active, united by terrible ties—we shall easily discover why all its measures were aimed at the ruin of the republic. Its Central Committee at Tammany Hall governed the opinions of HENDRICKS, SEYMOUR, and BAYARD. TWEED, SWEENY, and TILDEN, in 1867–68, formed the Democratic party; behind them, their chief support from Connecticut to Oregon, stood a thick array of Roman Catholic priests and prelates. Desperate, terrible, not wanting in the courage of despair, through all the period from 1865 to 1868 the managers of Tammany Hall looked for an escape from the doom that hung over them in the protection of the papal faction and the alliance of the rebellious party at the South. Could they renew the power of the slave-holders and establish a reign of violence in all the Southern States, could they hold New York by an immense ultramontane preponderance and tempt or bribe enough voters to win Indiana or Pennsylvania to their side, they might rule the Union. TWEED, instead of a prisoner's cell, might fill a secretary's chair; SWEENY would have gone to the Vatican a welcome embassador; TILDEN would not have been left unrewarded. The "Church" must have claimed its share of the political plunder. The Confederates might have ruled at Washington in 1868. It was for such a result that Mr. TILDEN and his associates were laboring. They opposed with violence colored suffrage, advocated what was in effect a restoration of slavery. The disorders and crimes committed by their Southern allies they looked upon with a patronizing smile. If a few United States soldiers were murdered in Louisiana, or a few hundred colored men in Texas, they attributed their fate, even in 1866, to Radical misgovernment. If intense poverty, the result of rebellion, afflicted large portions of the country, it was, Mr. TILDEN asserted, the plain effect of "Radical misrule." The New York leaders of the Democracy fostered discontent at the South, roused the bitter flames of sectional hate, kept alive the lingering fires of warfare, planted corruption in every Northern city, made it the avowed policy of the Democratic party to rob the German bond-holders who had lent their money to the national government in its hour of darkest need. They hoped to win votes in the West by advocating a system of national bankruptcy. It is easy now to see why the Democratic party of this period was converted into an immense engine of national mischief. It was because the corrupt and desperate leaders at New York governed all its policy. To save themselves from a prison, exile, poverty, shame, the managers of Tammany Hall were ready to plunge into any wild or wicked measures. They had already been denounced openly as public thieves. Conscious of guilt, their coming doom was probably always before them. It was averted for three more years by the elections of 1868, the enormous fraudulent majority obtained in New York, and by the undoubted electioneering skill of Mr. TILDEN. The Roman Catholic Democracy in 1868 claimed a majority of 69,000 in the city alone, and with overbearing superiority made HOFFMAN Governor of the State, and subjected the metropolis to the rule of a band of men who were suspected, if not yet convicted, criminals.

A wise or an honest man would have at once broke away from such associations; a humane one would have shrunk from the pitiless politicians at the South. But Mr. TILDEN, in 1869, drew closer his connection with the New York officials. He became either their confidant or their tool. He writes familiar letters to TWEED, asking his presence at political conventions. He took money from him to an amount he has never defined. He was chairman of the Democratic Committee. His name appears at all the Democratic meetings, joined with those of notorious offenders. As early as 1867 he was the active head of his party. Without his aid there would have been no New York Ring, and the public robbers would have been frightened from their prey. It was Mr. TILDEN who helped to win the enormous Democratic majorities in the city of 1867 and 1868. Already the government of the metropolis had become odious to all honest men; yet Mr. TILDEN upheld it by all his arts. He cried out at public meetings for reform: his aim was to keep TWEED in power. He clamored against Republican misrule: he was the political agent of the public robbers. He complained of Republican intolerance: he was anxious to subject the whole country to Confederates and traitors. Through all the troubled period from 1865 to 1868 Mr. TILDEN was employed in all those mischievous projects that shook the republic to the centre, and the fierce ultramontanes and fanatical priests, who ruled over New York and the Democracy, celebrated him every where as their spotless reformer. The Roman Catholic metropolis aspires to govern the country, and in Mr. TILDEN the papal priests have found their favorite instrument. He is certain of "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote;" but the intelligent majority of the people will naturally inquire how he has deserved its support.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

---

* An evening paper denies with suspicious violence that "the two BROOKSES" were both Native Americans. But they were owners and editors of the *Express* when it was the leading Native American paper, and they still remained its editors and owners when it was afterward the defender of Tammany Hall and its Roman Catholic rulers. They received in two years and eight months from the city (1869–71) $112,000 for advertising—almost as much as the most favored journal.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

"OFFEND HER, AND SHE KNOWS NOT TO FORGIVE."

CLARA WALSINGHAM'S cheek blanched, and she was silent for some moments; and then she asked, in a steady voice, "How did you come by the news of his death?"

"In the simplest and most natural manner. My business requires me to be *au courant* as to Continental affairs, and I get several French and German newspapers. In one of the last I found the account of a duel, succeeding upon a quarrel at the gaming table, in which your husband fell, shot through the lungs. He only survived a few hours. His opponent was a Frenchman, and is now under arrest. Shall I read you the paragraph?"

"If you please," answered Mrs. Walsingham, with perfect calmness of manner. Her heart was beating tumultuously, nevertheless. She had a dismal conviction that no advantage—that is to say, not that one advantage for which she longed—would come to her from her husband's death. How eagerly she had desired his death once! To-day the news gave her little satisfaction.

Mr. Wyatt took a slip of newspaper from his card-case, and read her the brief account of the Colonel's exit from this mortal strife. Duels were common enough in Prussia, and the journal made very little of the sanguinary business.

"As many of my friends believe me to have been left a widow long ago, I shall make no fuss about this event; and I shall be very grateful if you will be good enough not to talk of it any where," Mrs. Walsingham said, by-and-by, after a thoughtful pause.

"I shall be careful to obey you," answered the lawyer.

"I wonder how you came to guess that I was not a widow, and that Colonel Walsingham was my husband. He took me abroad directly after our marriage, and we were never in England together."

"It is a solicitor's business to know a great many things, and in this case there was a strong personal interest. You accused me just now of flattering women; and it is quite true that I have now and then amused myself a little with the weaker of your sex. Until about a year ago I believed myself incapable of any real feeling—of any strong attachment—and had made up my mind to a life of solitude, relieved by the frivolities of society. But at that time a great change came over me, and I found that I too was doomed to suffer life's great fever. In a word, I fell desperately in love. I think you can guess the rest."

"I am not very good at guessing, but I suppose the lady is some friend of mine, or you would scarcely choose me for a confidante. Is it Sophy Morton? I know you admire her."

"As I admire wax dolls, or the Haidees and Zuleikas of an illustrated Byron," answered Mr. Wyatt, with a wry face. "Sophy Morton would have about as much power to touch my heart or influence my mind as the wax dolls or the Byronic beauties. There is only one woman I have ever loved, or ever can love, and her name is Clara Walsingham."

Mrs. Walsingham looked at him with unaffected surprise.

"Of course I ought to feel very much flattered by such a declaration on your part, Mr. Wyatt, if I could quite bring myself to believe in your sincerity."

"Put me to the proof."

"I can not do that. I can only thank you for the honor you have done me, and regret that you should endanger the smooth course of our friendship by that kind of declaration. I have learned to rely upon you as a friend and an adviser, a thorough man of the world, and the last of mankind to lapse into sentimentality."

"There is no sentimentality in the business, Mrs. Walsingham. I offer you a real and devoted affection, such an affection as a man feels but once in his life, and which a woman should scarcely reject without a thought of its value. I know I must seem at a disadvantage among the men who surround you, but they are men of the butterfly species, and I believe the best of them to be incapable of feeling as I feel for you. Yes, you are right when you call me a man of the world. It is to such men that love comes with its fullest force when it comes at all. I have not yielded weakly to the great master of mankind. I have counted the cost, and I know the devotion which I offer you to-day is as unalterable as it is profound."

"I am sorry that I should have inspired any such sentiment, Mr. Wyatt. I can never return it."

"Is that your irrevocable reply?"

"It is," she answered, decisively.

"You reject the substance—an honest man's devoted love—and yet you are content to waste the best years of your life upon a shadow."

"I don't understand you."

"Oh yes, I think you do. I think you know as well as I do how frail a reed you have to lean on when you put your trust in Gilbert Sinclair."

"You have no right to speak about Mr. Sinclair," answered Clara Walsingham, with an indignant flush. "What do you know of him, or of my feelings in relation to him?"

"I know that you love him. Yes, Clara, it is the business of a friend to speak plainly; and even at the hazard of incurring your anger, I will do so. Gilbert Sinclair is not worthy of your affection. You will know that I am right before long if you do not know it now. It is not in that man's nature to be constant under difficulties, as I would be constant to you. Your hold upon him has been growing weaker every year."

"If that is true, I shall discover the fact quite soon enough from the gentleman himself," replied Mrs. Walsingham, in a hard voice, and with an angry cloud upon her face. "Your friendship, as you call it, is not required to enlighten me upon a subject which scarcely comes within the province of a solicitor. Yes, Mr. Wyatt, since plain speaking is to be the order of the day, I am weak enough and blind enough to care for Gilbert Sinclair better than for any one else upon this earth, and if I do not marry him, I shall never marry at all. He may intend to jilt me. Yes. I have seen the change in him. It would be a vain falsehood if I denied that. I have seen the change, and I am waiting for the inevitable day in which the man I once believed in shall declare himself a traitor."

"Would it not be wise to take the initiative, and give him his dismissal?"

"No. The wrong shall come from him. If he can be base enough to forget all the promises of the past, and to ignore the sacrifices I have made for him, his infamy shall have no excuse from any folly of mine."

"And if you find that he is false to you—that he has transferred his affection to another woman—you will banish him from your heart and mind, I trust, and begin life afresh."

Mrs. Walsingham laughed aloud.

"Yes, I shall begin a new life; for from that hour I shall only live upon one hope."

"And that will be—"

"The hope of revenge."

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham!" remonstrated the lawyer.

"That sounds melodramatic, does it not? But, you see, there is a strong mixture of the melodramatic element in real life. Gilbert Sinclair should know that I am not a woman to be jilted with impunity. Of course I don't mean that I should poison him or stab him. That sort of thing is un-English and obsolete, except among the laboring classes, who have a rapid way of taking payment for the wrongs that are done them. No, I should not kill him; but rely upon it, I should make his life miserable."

Mr. Wyatt watched her face with a thoughtful expression in his own. Yes, she looked the kind of woman whose anger would take some tangible and perhaps fatal form. She was not a woman to carry the burden of a broken heart in silent patience to the grave.

"Upon my life, I should be afraid to offend her," thought James Wyatt.

"Revenge is a bad word," he said, after another long pause. "Redress is much better. If Mr. Sinclair should marry, as I have some reason to think he will—"

"What reason?"

"Public rumor. His attentions to a certain young lady have been remarked by people I know."

"The lady is the beautiful Miss Clanyarde."

"How did you discover that?"

"From his face the other night."

"You are quick at reading his face. Yes, I believe he is over head and ears in love with Constance Clanyarde, as a much better man, Cyprian Davenant, was before him; and I have no doubt Lord Clanyarde will do his utmost to bring the match about."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since the beginning of this season. He may have lost his heart to the lady last year, but his attentions last year were not so obvious."

"Do you know if Miss Clanyarde cares for him?"

"I have no means of knowing the lady's feeling on the subject, but I have a considerable knowledge of her father in the way of business; and I am convinced she will be made—induced is, I suppose, a more appropriate word—to accept Sinclair as a husband. Lord Clanyarde is as poor as Job and as proud as Lucifer. Yes, I think we may look upon the marriage as a certainty. And now, Mrs. Walsingham, remember that by whatever means you seek redress I am your friend, and shall hold myself ready to aid and abet you in the exaction of your just right. You have rejected me as a husband. You shall discover how faithful I can be as an ally."

"I don't quite understand the nature of the alliance you propose. Do you mean you will help me to come between that man and all hope of domestic happiness? You do not know how merciless I could be if chance gave me the power to punish Gilbert Sinclair's infidelity."

"I know that he will deserve little compassion from you."

"But from you? He has never injured you."

"Do not be so sure of that. There are petty insults and trivial injuries that make up the sum of a great wrong. Gilbert Sinclair has not treated me well. I will not trouble you with the dry details of our business relations, but I have sufficient reasons for resentment without reference to you. And now I will intrude upon you no longer. I see you are a little tired of this conversation. I only entreat you once more to remember that I am your friend."

Mrs. Walsingham looked at him with a doubtful expression. He had subjugated her pride completely by the boldness of his attack. At another time she might have been angry with him, but the weariness of her spirit, the dull sense of impending sorrow, were more powerful than anger. She only felt humiliated and perplexed by James Wyatt's proffers of love and friendship, uncertain how far he had been sincere in either offer.

"I have no doubt I ought to be grateful to you, Mr. Wyatt," she said, in a slow, weary way, "but I do not think your friendship can ever be of much service to me in the future business of my life, and I trust that you will forget all that has been said this morning. Good-by."

She gave him her hand. He held it with a gentle pressure as he answered her,

"It is impossible for me to forget any thing that you have said, but you shall find me as secret as the grave. Good-by."

He bent his head and touched her hand lightly with his lips before releasing it. In the next instant he was gone.

"How she loves that snob!" he said to himself, as he walked away from Half-Moon Street. "And how charming she is! Rich too. I could scarcely make a better match. It is a case in which inclination and prudence go together. And how easily I might have won her but for that man! Well, well, I don't despair of ultimate victory, in spite of Gilbert Sinclair. Every thing comes to the man who knows how to wait."

CHAPTER V.

"THE DREAM IS ENDED."

Mrs. Walsingham wrote to Gilbert Sinclair, immediately after Mr. Wyatt's departure, a few hasty lines begging him to come to her without delay.

"Something has occurred," she wrote, "an event of supreme importance to me. I will tell you nothing more till we meet."

She dispatched her groom to the Albany with this note, and then waited with intense impatience for Gilbert Sinclair's coming. If he were at home, it was scarcely possible he could refuse to come to her.

"I shall know the worst very soon," she said to herself, as she sat behind the flowers that shaded her window. "After to-day there shall be no uncertainty between us—no further reservation on my part—no more acting on his. He shall find that I am not his dupe, to be fooled to the last point, and to be taken by surprise some fine morning by the announcement of his marriage in the *Times*."

Mr. Sinclair was not at home when the note was delivered, but between two and three o'clock in the afternoon his thundering knock assailed the door, and he came into the room unannounced.

In spite of the previous night's ball he had ridden fifteen miles into the country that morning to attend a sale of hunters, and was looking flushed with his long ride.

"What on earth is the matter, Clara?" he asked. "I have been out since eight o'clock. Poor Townley's stud was sold off this morning at a pretty little place he had beyond Barnet, and I rode down there to see if there was any thing worth bidding for. I might have saved myself the trouble, for I never saw such a pack of screws. The ride was pleasant enough, however."

"I wonder you were out so early after last night's dance."

"Oh, you've seen my name down among the swells," he answered, with rather a forced laugh. "Yes, I was hard at it last night, no end of waltzes and galops. But, you know, late hours never make much difference to me."

"Was it a very pleasant party?"

"The usual thing—too many people for the rooms."

"Your favorite, Miss Clanyarde, was there, I see."

"Yes, the Clanyardes were there. But I suppose you haven't sent for me to ask questions about Lady Deptford's ball? I thought by your letter something serious had happened."

"Something serious has happened. My husband is dead."

She said the words very slowly, with her eyes fixed on Gilbert Sinclair's face. The florid color faded suddenly out of his cheeks, and left him ghastly pale. Of all the events within the range of probability this was the last he had expected to hear of, and the most unwelcome.

"Indeed!" he stammered, after an awkward pause. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you on the recovery of your freedom?"

"I am very glad to be free."

"What did he die of—Colonel Walsingham? And how did you get the news?"

"Through a foreign paper. He was killed in a duel."

And then she repeated the contents of the paragraph James Wyatt had read to her.

"Is the news correct, do you think? No mistake about the identity of the person in question?"

"None whatever, I am convinced. However, I shall drive into the city presently, and see the solicitor who arranged our separation. I know the Colonel was in the habit of corresponding with him, and no doubt he will be able to give me official intelligence of the event."

"Does this business make any alteration in your circumstances?" Gilbert asked, with a faint show of interest.

"Only for the better. I surrendered to the Colonel the income of one of the estates my father left me, in order to bribe him into consenting to a separation. Henceforward the income will be mine. My poor father took pains to secure me from the possibility of being ruined by a husband. My fortune was wholly at my own disposal, but I was willing to make the surrender in question in exchange for my liberty."

"I am glad to find you will be so well off," said Mr. Sinclair, still engrossed by the pattern of the carpet.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What more can I say upon the subject?"

"There was a time when you would have said a great deal more."

"Very likely," answered Gilbert, bluntly; "but then, you see, that time is past and gone. What is it Friar Bacon's brazen head said, 'Time is, time was, time's past?' Come, Clara, it is very little use for you and me to play at cross-purposes. Why did you send for me in such hot haste to tell me of your husband's death?"

"Because I had reason to consider the news would be as welcome to you as it was to me."

"That might have been so if the event had happened a year or two ago; unhappily your release comes too late for my welfare. You accused me the other day of intending to jilt you. I think that was scarcely fair when it is remembered how long I was contented to remain your devoted slave, patiently waiting for something better than slavery. There is a limit to all things, however, and I confess the bondage became a little irksome at last, and I began to look in other directions for the happiness of my future life."

"Does that mean that you are going to be married?"

"It does."

"The lady is Miss Clanyarde, I conclude," said Mrs. Walsingham. Her breathing was a little hurried, but there was no other outward sign of the storm that raged within.

"Yes, the lady is Constance Clanyarde. And now, my dear Clara, let me entreat you to be reasonable, and to consider how long I waited for the chance that has come at last too late to be of any avail, so far as I am concerned. I am not coxcomb enough to fear that you will regret me very much, and I am sure you know that I shall always regard you with the warmest friendship and admiration. With your splendid attractions you will have plenty of opportunities in the matrimonial line, and will have, I dare say, little reason to lament my secession."

Clara Walsingham looked at him with unutterable scorn.

"And I once gave you credit for a heart, Gilbert Sinclair," she said. "Well, the dream is ended."

"Don't let us part ill friends, Clara. Say you wish me well in my new life."

"I can not say any thing so false. No, Gilbert, I will not take your hand. There can be no such thing as friendship between you and me."

"That seems rather hard," answered Sinclair, in a sulky tone. "But let it be as you please. Good-by."

"Good-morning, Mr. Sinclair."

Mrs. Walsingham called on her late husband's lawyer in the course of the afternoon, and received a confirmation of James Wyatt's news. Her husband's death increased her income from two to three thousand a year, arising chiefly from landed property which had been purchased by her father, a city tradesman, who had late in life conceived the idea of becoming a country squire, and had died of the dullness incident upon an unrecognized position in the depths of the country. His only daughter's marriage with Colonel Walsingham had been a severe affliction to him, but he had taken care to settle his money upon her in such a manner as to secure it from any serious depredations on the part of the husband.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

After a long interval, Mr. H. M. Stanley, the New York *Herald* correspondent in Africa, has been heard from, thus disappointing the forebodings that had been expressed in consequence of the failure of any of the more recent travelers in Africa to obtain intelligence of his movements.

A letter from him, under date of July 29, 1875, was written at Mahyiga Island, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, and gave an account of his voyage from King Mtesa's country, at the north end of the lake, back to his camp.

His second letter, of August 15, is from the town of Dumo, in Uganda, where a camp had been established easy of access to the lake.

The third letter, of January 18, 1876, is from Kawanga, on the frontiers of Unyoro, and describes a march from King Mtesa's capital to the eastern shore of Lake Albert Nyanza at the head of a large army, where he encamped for a time.

The most interesting part of this journey was that through the hitherto unknown region between the two lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza. A very high mountain was discovered on this trip, and a pale-faced tribe, who appeared to be of a different race from the blacks of the plains.

The fourth letter is dated March 26, from Kanfurro, and gives a history of Stanley's exploration of the Kageera River, which flows into the Victoria Nyanza on the west side. This letter is accompanied by a sketch map, showing the hitherto unmapped portion of the Victoria Nyanza, from the mouth of the Kageera River on the west, to that of the Shimeeyu River on the south.

A dispatch from Ubagwe, of April 24, gives the details of the exploration of the region between the lakes, and of his southward march toward Ujiji. From this place Stanley intended to revisit Lake Albert Nyanza, by way of Lake Tanganyika, and make a thorough exploration of the former basin.

At the time of Stanley's last dispatch he was only fifteen days' march from Ujiji, with ample means and forces to accomplish his important labors.

In 1859 an exploring expedition was sent out by the Engineer Bureau, which, starting from Santa Fé, in New Mexico, proceeded to the junction of the Grand and Green rivers in the Great Colorado of the West. This was under the command of Captain (now Colonel) Macomb, of the Engineers, and was accompanied by Dr. J. S. Newberry as geologist.

The report made by Captain Macomb of his expedition has remained on file in the Engineer Bureau ever since; and quite recently, attention having been called anew to the matter, the geological report by Dr. Newberry has been published by order of the War Department, in view of the great amount of valuable information which it contains. This has just appeared from the government press in a quarto of 148 pages, and illustrated by nineteen plates of scenery and fossils.

What promises to be a conspicuous and important scientific journal is furnished by the first number of the *Archivos do Museu Nacional, do Rio de Janeiro*, which has just made its appearance, and embraces an account of the *personnel* of the museum, and some studies on Brazilian ethnology, and a paper by Mr. Netto on vegetable physiology. This quarto periodical is embellished by several well-executed plates.

A recent writer enumerates the following varieties of India rubber as known in commerce: 1, Ceara rubber; 2, Para rubber; 3, Quisembo balls from Sierra Leone; 4, African knots in small irregular quadrangular pieces about an inch square; 5, Mozambique rubber; 6, African niggers in small round lumps about two inches in diameter; 7, Madagascar rubber; 8, Carthagena rubber; 9, Borneo rubber; 10, Rangoon rubber; 11, African rubber; and 12, Guayaquil rubber from Ecuador.

The Proceedings of the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Detroit in August, 1875, have just been published by the permanent secretary, forming a volume of about 420 pages. It contains a number of more or less important communications arranged under the two sections of mathematics, physics, and chemistry, and of natural history.

Abstracts of the more prominent of these papers were published at the time of the meeting, and therefore do not need special comment at the present time. We may, however, designate an extremely important paper by Mr. Henry Gilman, of Detroit, upon the Indians of the Great Lakes, in which he brings to notice the fact which, as exhibited in the European prehistoric skulls, was considered by archæologists so striking and important, namely, the practice of trepanning the skull—this, however, apparently having been carried to a much greater extent in the races investigated by Mr. Gilman.

The *American Journal of Science* announces the death on the 11th of June, at the age of twenty-three, of Mr. Porter Ponier, of Newark, referring to him as a student of physical science of great promise. He had been prosecuting certain original investigations into heat as a force in nature, and at the time of his death was preparing a work on the dynamics of heat.

In the summer of 1875 Mr. Helland, a Norwegian geologist, visited Greenland, and made some important observations on the rate of movement of the interior ice. His measurements were made at the great Jacobshaven glacier, and also at the great glacier at the opening of the Tossukuset Fiord. In April Mr. Steenstrup and Lieutenant Hohn sailed for Greenland, with the intention of penetrating into the interior. The first attempt will probably be made from the Tunnudliarbik Fiord, near Julianshaab, in the endeavor to reach a mountain peak which has been observed in the far distance. The explorers expect to devote several years to the completion of their labors.

Captain Roudaire has delivered before the Geographical Society of Paris a lecture on the results of the survey of the Tunisian Chotts, in connection with the question of the turning of the waters of the Mediterranean into the Sahara. The measures taken last year on the Algerian side have been verified, the same level having been found for the connecting station. The altitude at Gabes is only forty-six meters, which is no obstacle to the channel being opened; and, according to Captain Roudaire, all the objections brought against the feasibility of the enterprise by the Italian Commission have been refuted and set aside.

As Congress has made the necessary appropriations to meet the expense of various government geological and geographical surveys of the Territories, the parties have taken the field, and hope to accomplish a good deal, although the delay on the part of Congress in supplying the means will lessen the period of active work materially.

Dr. Hayden's expedition will be divided into four parties. The first will be in charge of Mr. A. D. Wilson, with Dr. Endlich as geologist and Mr. Atkinson as topographer, and will complete the exploration of the small portion of Colorado lying near the Utah line, and then move northward on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Henry Gannett will have charge of the second division, with Dr. Peale as geologist and James Stevenson as executive officer. This division will revisit the region in which a portion of Professor Hayden's party had an encounter with the Indians and was driven off, last year, with the loss of their implements.

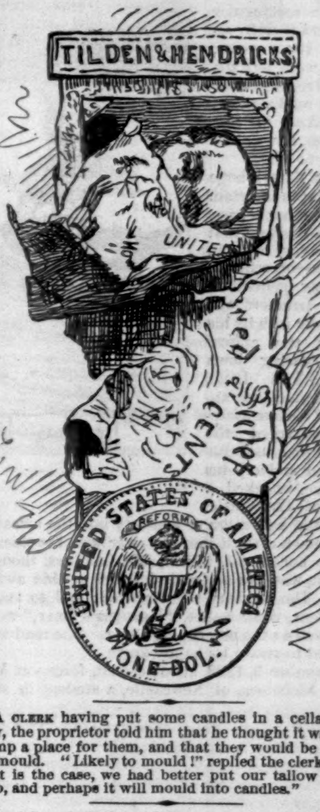
Mr. G. R. Bechler will be in charge of the third division, with the necessary assistants. He will pass westward through the Middle Park, working along the northwestern part of Colorado. The fourth division will be in charge of Dr. Elliott Coues, with an assistant, and will be especially devoted to zoological work, visiting such portions of Dr. Hayden's region of investigation as have not been examined in previous years.

Dr. Hayden himself will visit all the parties in the course of the summer, and co-ordinate their work.

The death is announced at Berlin, on the 27th of June last, in the eighty-second year of his age, of Ehrenberg, the eminent microscopist and micro-geologist.

Recent advices from Greenland give us some idea of the nature of the weather encountered by the British arctic expedition during the past winter. During the early part of the season the weather was changeable, with strong winds, with short periods of calms in October and November. The winter was decidedly mild, no real cold occurring before the last half of December, when the thermometer at Upernavik sank to 15° F., and at Tessuisak to 24° F. Ice fit for sledging did not form at Upernavik until the end of December. It then remained pretty firm until broken up by southern and southeastern gales, with mild weather from the 19th to the 30th of March. Throughout the whole of the North Greenland settlements the reports are the same—the weather mild and the ice unsafe.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



A clerk having put some candles in a cellar one day, the proprietor told him that he thought it was too damp a place for them, and that they would be likely to mould. "Likely to mould!" replied the clerk; "if that is the case, we had better put our tallow there also, and perhaps it will mould into candles."

Lord Campbell, it is well known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death he met a barrister who had grown very stout of late, and remarked, "Why, Mr. ——, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished?—A-gate.

The author of the following lines is destined to occupy a good position among our American poets. Who is he?

"O vunst I luved annuther gal,
her name it was murrier;
but betsy deer my luv for u
is forty times more hier."

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you are drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long and so thick you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wa'al," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you; so, to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile in the thinnest part."

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny, having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

The gentleman who lately took the fresh air in the Central Park is requested to restore it.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true politeness to his shoes.

No Matter now.—A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began to think of home and their wives' displeasure, and urge a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests, "fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is as mad now as she can be."

[Copyright, 1876, by Harper & Brothers.]

Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

By CHARLES READE.

IV.—LAMBERT'S LEAP.

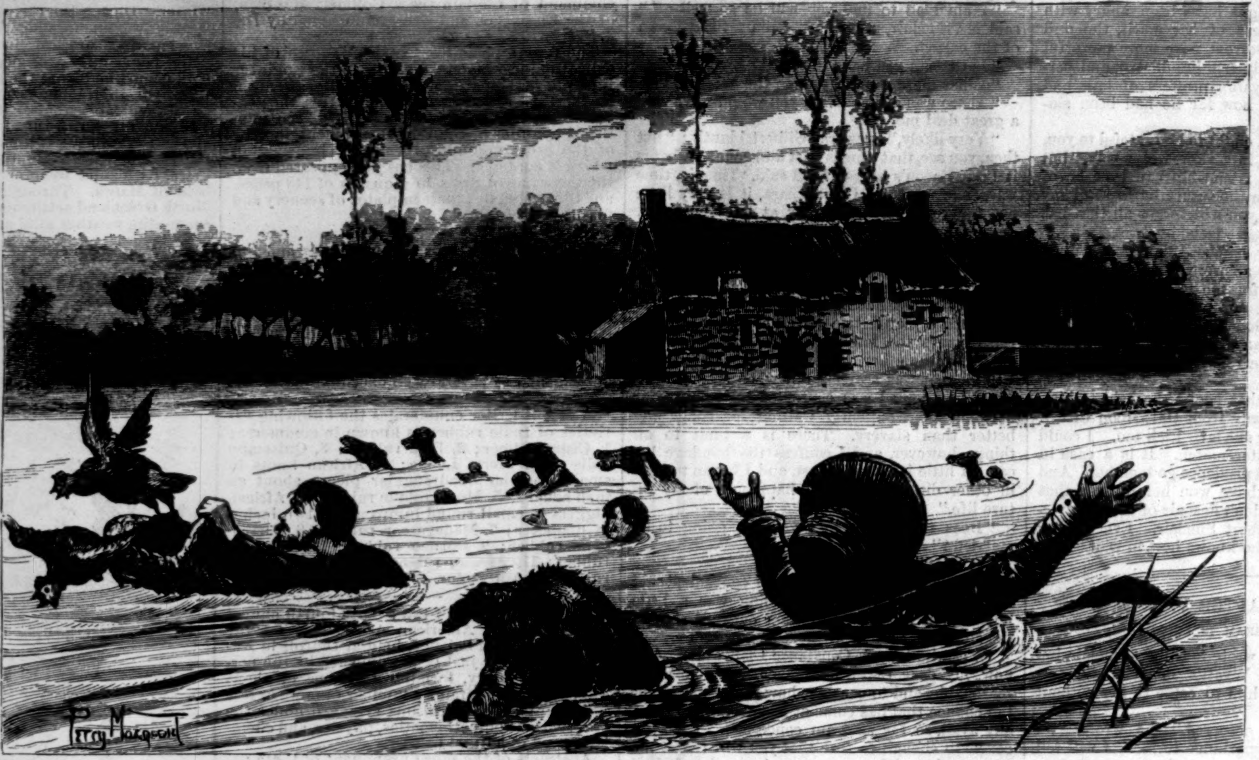
Near Newcastle is Sandy-ford Bridge, thirty-six feet above the river, which, like many Northern streams, is seldom quite full, but flows in a channel, with the rocky bed bare on each side: an ugly bridge to look up to or to look over, driving by.

In Scotland and the north of England, when our wise ancestors got hold of so dizzy and dangerous a place, they made the most of it; with incredible perversity, they led the approach to such a bridge either down a steep or nearly at right angles. They carried Sandy-ford Lane up to the bridge on the rectangular plan, and thereby secured two events, which were but the natural result of their skill in road-making, yet, taken in conjunction, have other claims to notice.

At a date I hope some day to ascertain precisely, but at present I can only say that it was very early in the present century, a young gentleman called Lambert was run away with by his horse; the animal came tearing down Sandy-ford Lane, and, thanks to ancestral wisdom aforesaid, charged the bridge with such momentum and impetus that he knocked a slice of the battlement and half a ton of masonry into the air, and went down after it into the river with his rider.

The horse was killed; Mr. Lambert, though shaken, was not seriously injured by this awful leap. The masonry was repaired; and, to mark the event, these words, "Lambert's Leap," were engraved on the new coping-stone. The road was allowed to retain its happy angle.

December 5, 1822, about eleven, forenoon, Mr. John Nicholson, of Newcastle, a student in surgery, was riding in Sandy-ford Lane. His horse ran away with him, and, being unable to take the sharp turn for such cases made and provided, ran against the battlement of the bridge. It resisted this time, and brought the horse to his knees; but the animal, being now thoroughly terrified, rose and actually leaped or scrambled over the battlement, and fell into the rocky bed below, carrying away a single coping-stone, viz., the stone engraved "Lambert's Leap." That stone was broken to pieces by the fall. The poor young man was so cruelly injured that he never spoke again; he died at seven o'clock that evening; but the horse was so little the worse, and so tamed by the fall, that he was at once ridden into Newcastle for assistance.



SAVED BY "OTHER" ANIMALS.

The reversed fates of the two animals, and the two incidents happening within an inch of each other, have earned them a place in this collection.

Richardson's *Local Historian's Table-Book* relates the second leap, and refers to the first, which is also authenticated.

V.—MAN'S LIFE SAVED BY FOWLS, AND WOMAN'S BY A PIG.

Men's lives have been sometimes taken, sometimes saved, by other animals, in ways that sound incredible until the details are given.

Here is a list that offers a glimpse into the subject, nothing more:

1. Several ships and crews destroyed by fish.
2. Two ships and crews saved by fish.
3. One crew saved by a dog.
4. Many men killed by dogs, and many saved.
5. Many men killed by horses, and many saved.
6. Men killed, and saved, by rats.
7. Man killed by a dead pig.
8. Woman saved from death by a live pig.
9. Man saved by fowls.
10. Ditto by a crocodile.
11. Ditto by a lady-bird.
12. One man executed by the act of a horse.
13. Crows leading to the execution of murderers.
14. A man's life saved by an ape.
15. Ditto by a bear.
16. Ditto by a fox.

Some of these sound like riddles, and are at least as well worth puzzling over as acrostics and conundra.

I will leave the majority to rankle in my reader, and rouse his curiosity. But I feel he is entitled to some immediate proof that the whole list is not a romance; so I will relate 8 and 9, by way of specimen.

And here let me premise that, as a general rule, I exclude from this collection all those wonderful stories about animals which are found only in books especially devoted to that subject. Those writers are all theorists—men with an amiable bias in favor of the inferior animals. This tempts them to twist and exaggerate facts, and even to repeat stale falsehoods which have gone the round for years, but never rested on the evidence of an eyewitness.

On the other hand, when some plain man, who has no theory, writes down a story at the time and on the spot, and sends it off to a newspaper or other chronicle of current events, where it lies open to immediate contradiction, then we are on the *terra firma* of history.

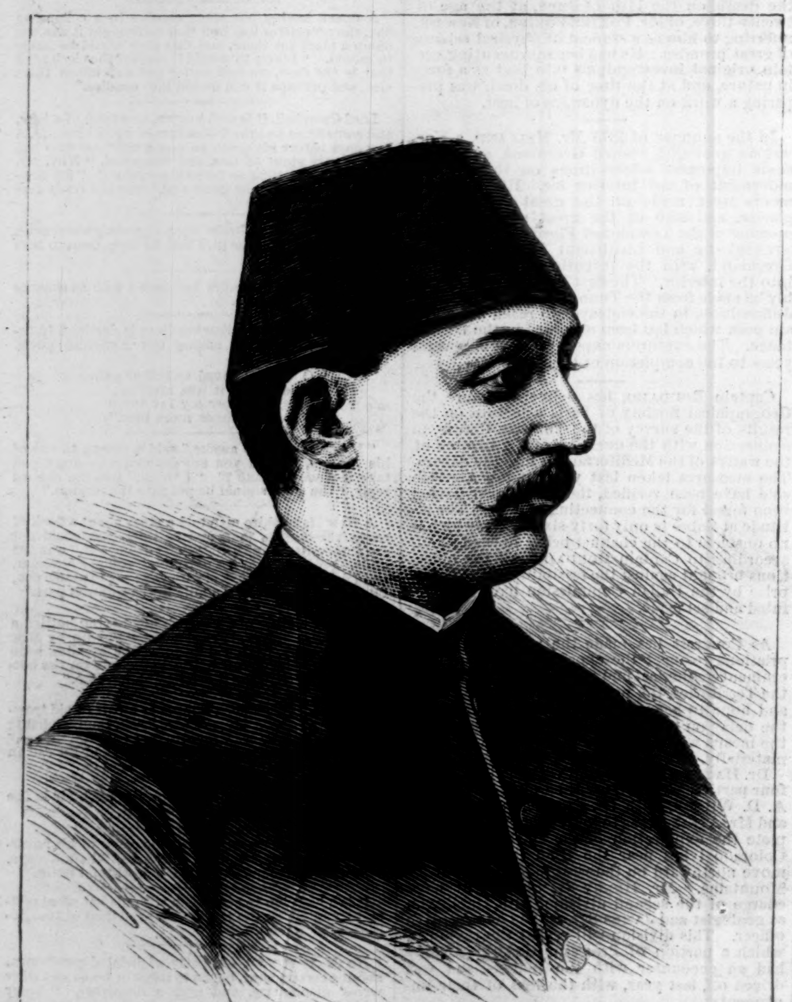
Example.—Here is a letter written on the spot and at the time to a newspaper, and transferred from that newspaper to the *Annual Register*:

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM NOTTINGHAM.

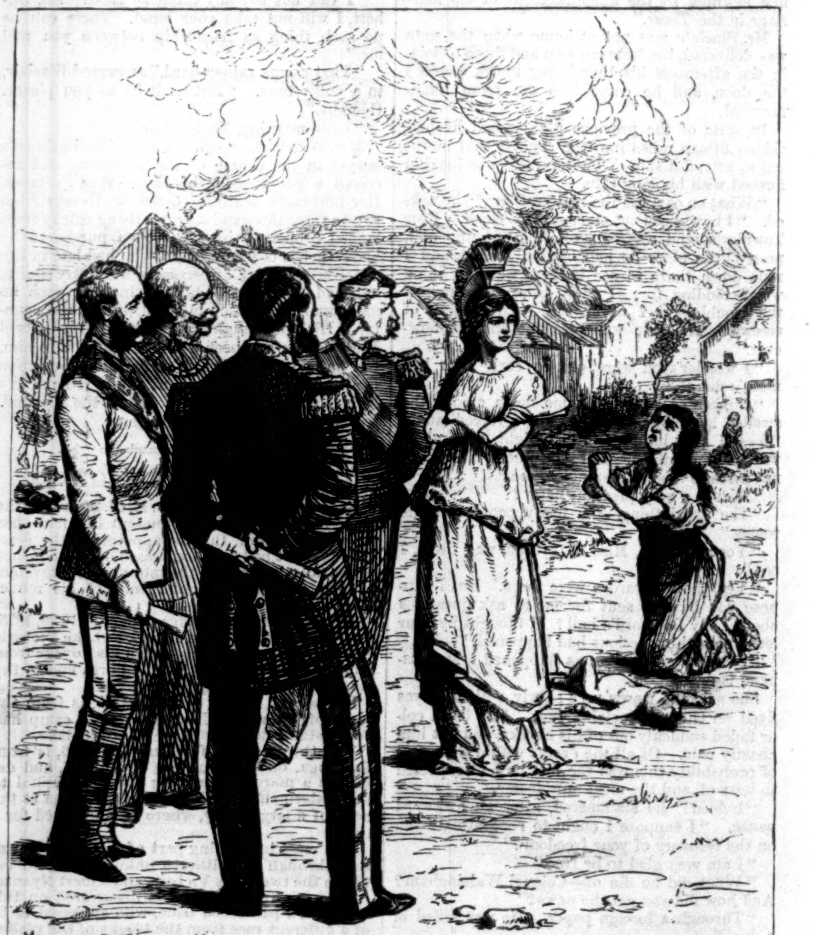
"*January* 9, 1761.

"On Tuesday sennight Mr. Hall's servant, of Beckingham, returning from market, and finding the boat at Gainsborough putting off from shore full of people, was so rash and imprudent (to say no worse of it) as to leap his horse into the boat, and with the violence of the fall drove the poor people and their horses to the farther side, which instantly carried the boat into the middle of the stream and overset it.

"Imagine you see the unfortunate sufferers all plunging in a deep and rapid river, calling out for



ABDUL-HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY.—[See Page 782.]



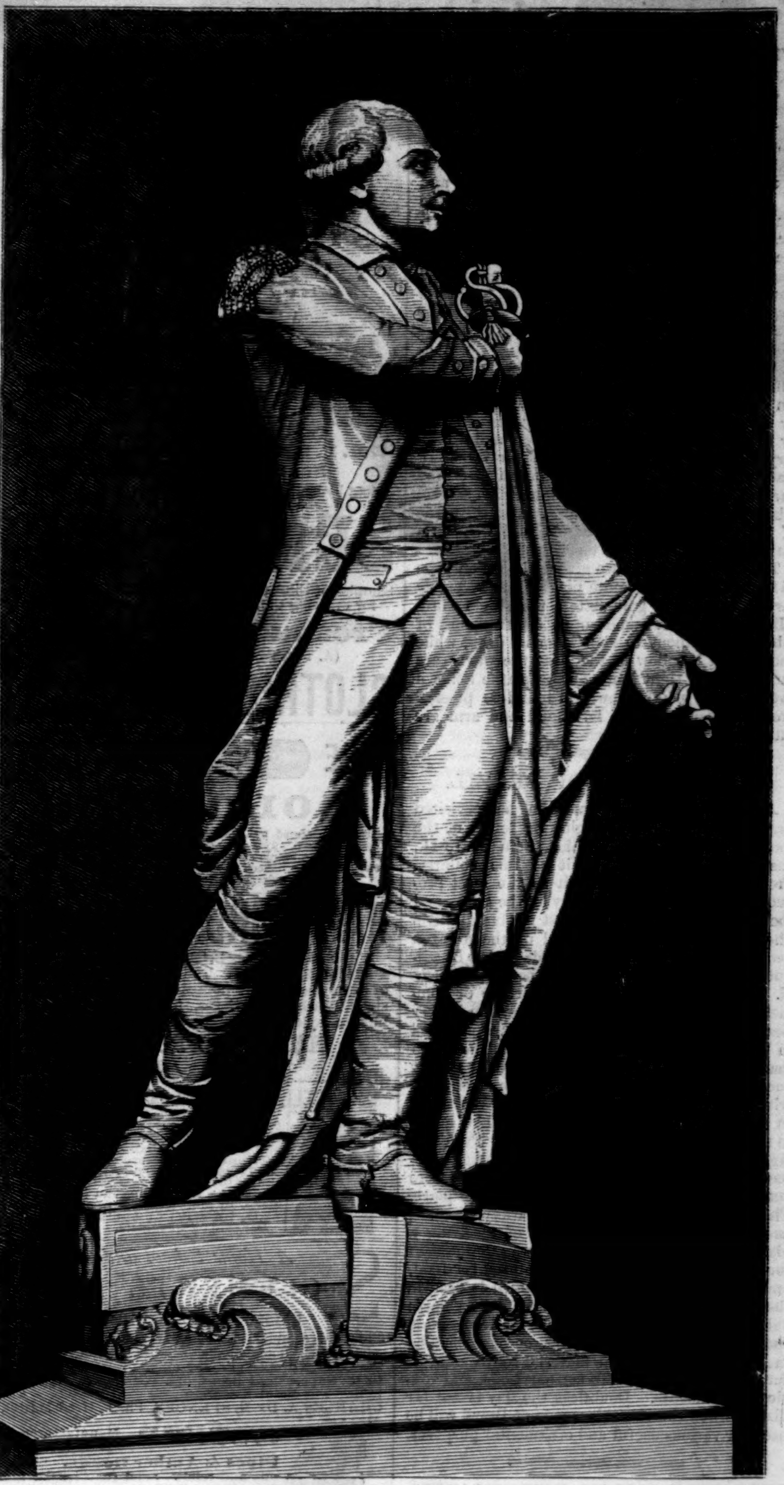
TURKISH ATROCITIES AND EUROPEAN APATHY.—[See Page 782.]

help and struggling for life. It was all horror and confusion; and during this situation the first account was dispatched, which assured us that out of eighty souls only five or six were saved. By a second account we were told that there were only thirty on board, but that out of these above twenty had been drowned. This was for some time believed to be the truest account; but I have the pleasure to hear by a third account that many of those who were supposed to be lost have been taken up alive, some of them at a great distance from the ferry, and that no more than six are missing, though numbers were brought to life with difficulty. It was happy for them that so many horses were on board, as all who had time to lay hold of a stirrup or a horse's tail were brought safe to shore.

"A poor man who had a basket of fowls upon his arm was providentially buoyed up till assistance could be had, and he, after many fruitless attempts, was at last taken up alive, though senseless, at a distance of four hundred yards from the ferry.

"A poor woman who had bought a pig, and had tied one end of a string round its foot and the other round her own wrist, was dragged safe to land in this providential manner."

Observe—I am better than my word; for I have thrown you in the circumstance that the horses saved the rest: certainly in this particular business the lord of the creation does not show that vast superiority to the brutes which he assumes in some of his sculptures and nearly all his writings, Butler's *Analogy* included. The animal that makes the mischief by his folly is a man; the animals that prove incompetent to save their own lives are the men. All the other animals in the boat, down to the very pig, turn to and pull the lords and ladies of the creation out of the mess one of these peerless creatures had plunged them all into.



THE LAFAYETTE STATUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

WASHINGTON RELICS.

IN the year 1840 the Patent Bureau at Washington moved into the new sandstone building which had been erected for it on F Street. This building may be said to be really fire-proof, and its records not subject to the casualty which unfortunately overtook the Patent-office in 1836, when the rooms it occupied in the Washington Post-office were burned with all their contents.

One result of the excellent character of the new building was that various valuable documents and miscellaneous property were placed in the Patent-office for safe-keeping. The heads of the bureau have proved good custodians. The Declaration of Independence, the commission of General WASHINGTON, several suits of clothes of our first President, together with much of his furniture, camp and battle equipage, and other priceless articles of his personal property, have rested in the building undisturbed for nearly half the period that has elapsed since his death.

The Centennial occasion, which has made so much stir all over the country, has also made a flutter among these invaluable relics, which were very naturally considered as a central point of attraction, around which the more legitimate exhibits of the Patent-office in the Government Building might cluster.

Without disparagement to the machines and tools which form the collection of Patent-office models, and the books of records and indexes which have so much interest to inventors, machinists, and professional persons, the heart embraces the personal, and bounds in sympathy and interest as we see, and perhaps handle, the sword, cane, compass, clothing, of

> "the first, the last, the best;
> The CINCINNATUS of the West."

The illustration shows a group of personal effects of General WASHINGTON arranged as a camp scene. Even at the risk of making a mere inventory of the articles, they deserve special mention.

The bed is spread with his blankets, and has two counterpanes worked by MARTHA WASHINGTON. Behind the bed, in a somewhat natural position on a chair, are the regimentals worn by General WASHINGTON when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. Standing against the bed is his sword; the blade in a leathern scabbard with a green-stained ivory *gripe* and silver mounting. On the bed is a pair of pistols, their mahogany case lying open. At the foot of the bed is the portmanteau for packing the bed-clothing to be carried in the ambulance or on the army wagon. It has the directions on it, "Valley Forge," "Yorktown." In front of the foot of the bed is the camp chest: this has compartments large and small, deep and shallow. Some of them are for the dishes, plates, knives, and forks seen on the table; others for the square bottles holding vinegar, salad dressing, probably, oil, if his Excellency indulged in it, as we may reasonably hope that he did; smaller bottles for red and black pepper; square boxes for salt, flour for his gravy, butter, and what not. The cells are lined with green baize. The plates were once tinned, but the bright metal is gone, and they make a very plain show now. They would hardly do for a gay cavalier, but the inimitable GEORGE gravely cut his bacon upon them, or laid his plate on the coals to rewarm the meat, enjoying the sight, sound, and smell of the frizzle, and then mopped out his plate with the crumb of bread in solemn sort.

Who have sat opposite to this grave gentleman—who carried his responsibilities like an Atlas—and divided with him his morsel, and brake bread, and dusted his bit of meat with the pepper, and then courteously passed it over? Which of the worthies in his confidence has not sat at the table and looked at his chief across these plain furnishings? Oh! but it is almost a history to look at and handle them!

The compass is an anachronism: dare we confess it? He carried this old circumferentor when a young man, long before ideas of parting from the revered mother country had entered his mind. Here it is upon the chair, the lid lifted off, exposing the glass and showing the needle. The ball and socket which formed the top of the Jacob's-staff are here; but the staff itself, which formed a walking-cane when the tall young man had taken his *sight* and placed the compass under his left arm, where is it? Not here. But, instead, upon the bed lies the cane which BENJAMIN FRANKLIN willed to his honored friend.

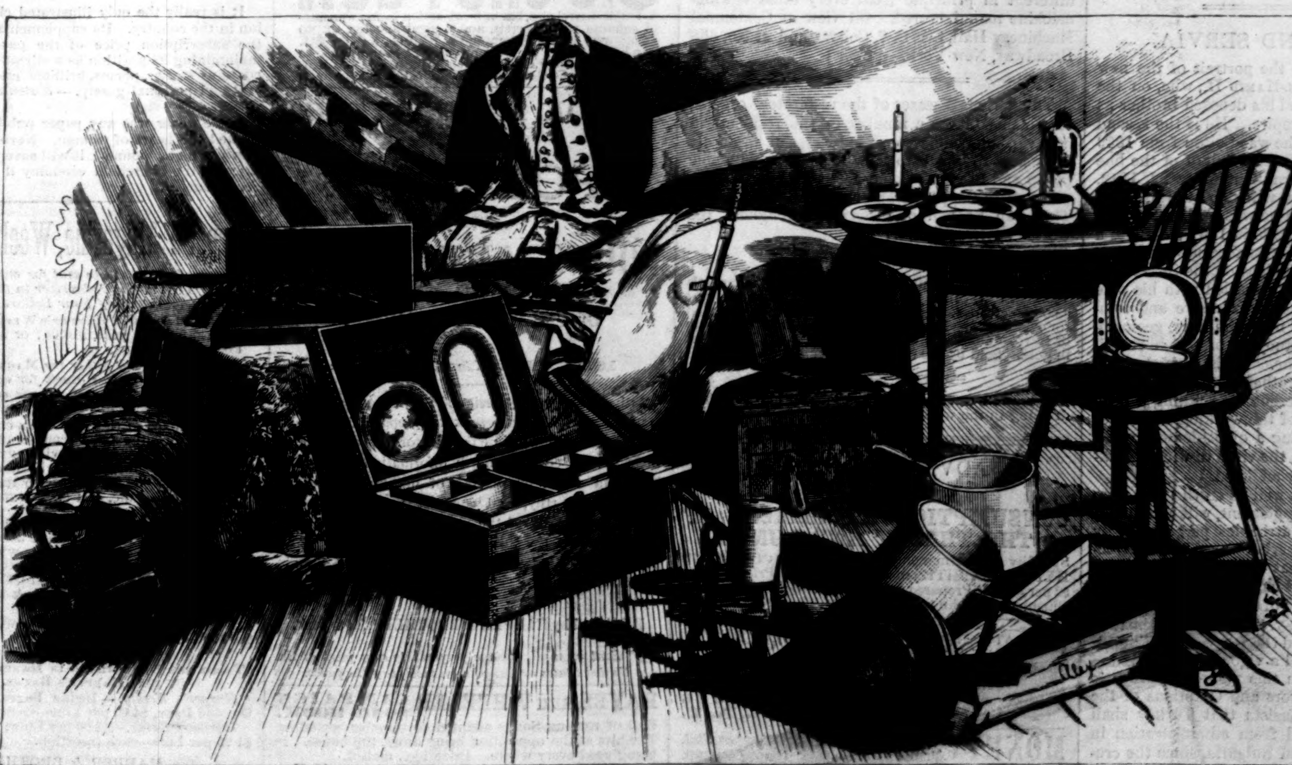
The tea-cup and saucer on the table are two pieces of a set presented by the Society of the Cincinnati to General WASHINGTON. His iron-bound treasure chest, that accompanied his headquarters so long, is here also. One hasp is broken off.

On the ground are a pair of andirons, two saucepans, a coffee-pot, and gridiron, and the bellows wherewith he urged the fire and kindled the unwilling wood when the snow lay upon the ground and all was sodden and dreary.

THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.

The greeting sent by the oldest nation of the world to the youngest consists of a display of the natural productions and manufactures of the Egypt of our own time. There is very little telling of the venerable antiquity which hung like a veil of mystery over the land of the Nile until it was raised by modern Egyptologists. The greeting may, in the strictest sense, be said to be that of a contemporary, and in some respects, such as the exhibit of raw cotton, of a rival, since the relics of the olden time which have found a place in the collection are comparatively few and unimportant. There is, no doubt, an air of the antique thrown over the Egyptian section by the aid of photographs of ancient temples and pyramids, models and casts, but the reality is almost entirely wanting, and the fact constitutes the greater practical and commercial value of the display.

Some of the specimens of cabinet-work are beautiful and valuable. A sideboard, valued at four thousand dollars, is shown, made of an imitation of ebony inlaid with pearl and carved by hand. An equally valuable and very elaborate wardrobe, by PARVIS, of Cairo, is composed of ebony, cedar, rose-wood, pearl, ivory, and tortoise-shell. An Arabic block door, also from Cairo, is so constructed that the blocks forming the ornamental panels can be removed and replaced at pleasure. A book-case of cedar and ebony with arabesque ornamentation, a garden table for flowers, of ebony and cedar, with hand-engraved brass cover, and a number of smaller stands, are the leading examples of this kind of work. In all, while there is little beauty or strength in the design, a most industrious and laborious attention is manifested in the elaboration of details and the minutiæ of workmanship. A similar remark may be made of the goldsmith's work. A coffee set is exhibited, made in filigree-work of twenty-two-carat gold, by negro workmen at Soudan. It is all made by hand, and the tray and censer are particularly rich and beautiful. The cups, as they stand, resemble egg-cups, and are intended for the reception of small detached porcelain bowls, out of which the coffee is drunk. In this case, as in that of the cabinet-work, we are compelled to have greater regard to the workmanship and the



THE CENTENNIAL—WASHINGTON RELICS, UNITED STATES BUILDING.

industry as well as beauty it displays, than to the design. The set is valued at four thousand four hundred dollars. The assortment of horse and camel trappings is large and interesting, as is also that of armor and implements of war. The latter includes sabres, long and heavily curved, shields of elephant skin, spears, bow and barbed arrows, a shirt of mail, and many other weapons and defenses. A double-barreled gun made by a French artisan in Lower Egypt represents the summit of the ascending scale.

The textile fabrics and specimens of embroidery include several very curious exhibits. There is, for instance, a door curtain, used alternatively as a praying mat, made of red velvet, and embroidered by hand with gold and silver, and valued at three thousand dollars. A tray cover of green velvet and gold is almost equally rich. Quaintly shaped but comfortable-looking cloaks for men's winter wear, a roll of cloth made from the wool of the Angora goat, a door mat, evidently serviceable, and slightly removed from the prevailing Turkish design, are among the other exhibits of this class. To go further into detail would be merely to catalogue a wonderfully miscellaneous collection of samples of native wood and grain, tobacco, wines, opium, nargilehs and chibouques, ostrich eggs and feathers, articles of rhinoceros horn, wax and cloth imitations of the mulberry-tree with cocoons, and a thousand others.

The pottery deserves a place by itself. There is only one specimen of the old Egyptian porcelain—a vase of pale green, sent from the Bazar at Cairo. It is called porcelain, but it appears to belong to the middle ware between porcelain and earthenware, which made the ceramic productions of ancient Egypt remarkable. The modern earthenware vessels are, in some cases, quaintly shaped and richly and showily painted. They have the appearance of having been dried in the sun and afterward painted. Some of them were decorated by Professor Dalliagri, an artist of Italian birth.

Among the most interesting of the ancient contents of the section are three Arabic tombstones, two of them having inscriptions in Coptic, the third in hieroglyphics. Near them is an alabaster water-cooler, made out of a single block, four thousand years old. The vestment of an Abyssinian priest takes us back well-nigh a thousand years; at least the gold and silver ornaments with which it is richly covered are of that age, but the vestment itself is of a dark blue silken fabric of an evidently more modern date. There are several other articles of a religious character, or connected with funereal rites, deserving of attention. Among them is the door of a mosque in Cairo carved and inlaid with ebony and ivory, and dating from the fourteenth century. The scarabæus, the symbol of creation, appears in different forms—among the fittings of a writing-desk copied in silver from an antique original, and in the shape of perforated beads, with hieroglyphic engravings taken from mummies. There are also several very ancient and very beautiful mosque lamps of ornamented glass. Casts of ancient statues, and an American model of the Great Pyramid, the tomb of Pharaoh Khoofou, may be mentioned among the other articles which lend a quasi-antique interest to the Egyptian section.

On page 772 will be found careful representations of some of the articles exhibited by Egypt. The central group shows one corner of the Egyptian court, in the Main Building, with drums, old-fashioned horse equipments, specimens of ivory, water-filter, etc. Above and around this group are shown a camel saddle (No. 1); a glass lamp (No. 2) from a mosque of Cairo, valued at $6000; a military saddle (No. 3) and bridle (No. 8); a brasier (No. 7) from Cairo; two kinds of tobacco pipes (Nos. 4 and 6); and a group of elegant pottery and metal ware.

TURKEY AND SERVIA.

On page 780 we give the portrait of the new Sultan of Turkey, Abdul-Hamid II., who, on the 31st of August, succeeded his deposed brother as ruler of the Ottoman Empire. He is the second son of Abdul-Medjid, who was Sultan from 1839 to 1861, and is the thirty-fifth Sultan of the line of Osman. He was born September 22, 1842. His vigorous constitution withstood the excesses of harem life, into which he was initiated in early youth, and a visit to Paris in 1867 gave him a taste for study and a fondness for European manners and dress. In his palace on the Sweet Waters, where he has hitherto resided with his wife and two children, he has an extensive and comprehensive collection of maps, military, geological, and statistical, the studying of which constitutes his favorite pastime. He is a much abler man than his deposed brother, both mentally and physically. He is represented as taking a deep interest in the welfare of the working classes of his empire, and as leading a quiet domestic life, comparatively free from the vices to which Turkish princes are generally addicted.

On the same page, as well as on the first page of the accompanying Supplement, will be found a picture relating to the atrocities perpetrated by Turkish troops in the Servian war. These atrocities have awakened great commotion in Europe, although no government has yet taken measures to prevent the recurrence of similar horrors. The press of France, Germany, and England demands prompt interference, and the foremost of English statesmen has published a vigorous denunciation of Turkish misrule. In this pamphlet, which is called "Bulgarian Horrors and Questions of the East," Mr. Gladstone insists that Turkey shall be henceforth excluded from administration in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, since the cruelties there perpetrated prove her unfit to govern Christians. There is a steadily growing sentiment that Turkey should be driven out of Europe.

THE LAFAYETTE STATUE.

The fine statue of Lafayette, presented to the city of New York by the government of France in recognition of the substantial sympathy which France received from us during her late adversities, was unveiled on the 6th inst. with appropriate ceremonies. It is placed at the south end of Union Square, between the statues of Washington and Lincoln. The day was propitious, and at the hour fixed upon for the unveiling, the space around the statue was packed with spectators, who awaited with impatience the arrival of the procession with its military escort. The ceremonies began a little after four o'clock, and were conducted throughout with promptness and dispatch. M. Breuil, the Consul-General of France, in presenting the statue to the city made a brief and most appropriate address, at the close of which the sculptor, M. Bartholdi, raised the United States flag in which the statue was draped. An outburst of applause was followed by music by the bands, the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the choral society "L'Espérance," and a military salute of eighteen guns. Mayor Wickham made a neat address, accepting the statue on the part of the city, and was followed by several other speakers, all of whom appreciated the merit of brevity on such an occasion, and whose remarks were in admirable taste.

The statue, of which we give a picture on page 781, stands upon a granite pedestal, handsomely carved, bearing in gold letters the single word, "Lafayette." It stands upon the fragment of a boat, as if about to step from its deck, while underneath the bow of the boat the waves are curling. The right hand of the statue holds a sword, which points downward and is pressed over the heart, and the left hand and arm are extended.

THE WEALTH OF BRAZIL.

All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country, the emperor of which, Dom Pedro II., has just paid a flying visit to this country. Professor Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe, and the one in which it is the easiest to obtain a livelihood. Some who have sailed up the Amazon declare that a vessel can be loaded with Brazil-nuts at an expense of only a few pence per bushel. These constitute a valuable article of commerce, while the oil extracted from them is very desirable. All the tropical fruits are produced in Brazil almost without cultivation. The soil in many parts of the country will produce twenty successive crops of cotton, tobacco, or sugar-cane without the application of manure. No country in the world approaches the land of Dom Pedro in the variety of its forest productions. Professor Agassiz states that he saw one hundred and seventeen different kinds of valuable woods that were cut from a piece of land not half a mile square. They represented almost every variety of color, and many of them were capable of receiving a high polish. One tree furnishes wax that is used for candles, another a pith that is used for food, and still another yields a juice which is used in the place of intoxicating liquor. There is a single variety of palm from which the natives obtain food, drink, clothing, bedding, cordage, fishing tackle, medicine, and the material they manufacture into dwellings, weapons, harpoons, and musical instruments. Doubtless the day is not far distant when the valuable woods of Brazil will be used for various useful and ornamental purposes.

CERTAINLY WORTH INVESTIGATING.

The immense practical advantages of the new invention of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing-machine Company—their new automatic sewing-machine; different in principle from every other sewing-machine manufactured. On view at Centennial Machinery Hall, Sec. C. 7, Col. 50, and at No. 658 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

The various diseases of the respiratory organs, to which so large a number of the residents in our variable climate are subject, can promptly be made to yield to Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. These medicines are pleasant to the palate and speedy in their action. They can be had of druggists throughout the United States.—[*Com.*]

The greatest discovery of the age is Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION & DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS
Speedily and permanently cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John St., New York. Sold by Druggists.

CATCHEMALIVE
MOUSE TRAP

EACH MOUSE Resets the Trap. sample by mail, postpaid, 50c. **R. E. DIETZ,** *Patentee*, **54 and 56 Fulton St., N. Y.**

MONEY made easily and rapidly, *without capital.* Valuable samples *free.* Enclose stamp. Address KENDALL & CO., 52 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

CAMP LOUNGE Co., Norwalk, Conn. ($12, $4, and $5. Cuts free. Sold by N. Y. Sporting trade.)

HOLMAN'S
FEVER & AGUE
PAD.

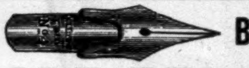
HOLMAN'S
Fever and Ague and Liver Pad
CURES WITHOUT MEDICINE, SIMPLY BY ABSORPTION.
The Best Liver Regulator in the World.

The only true cure for, and preventive of malaria, in all its forms: *Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Yellow Fever, Sea-Sickness, Neuralgia, Bilious Disorders, &c., &c.* None genuine without the Trade-Mark and Signature of the Inventor on the wrapper. Ask your druggist for it. For Certificates, read little blue book, *Enemy in the Air.*

Trade-Mark.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Sole Proprietors, **No. 83 John Street, N. Y.**
Sent by mail on receipt of $2 00.

SENT FREE,
Samples of Cloths, Fashion-Plate, with full directions for ordering Clothing by mail—*fit guaranteed*—by
Freeman & Woodruff,
(A. Freeman, late of Freeman & Burr),
CLOTHIERS, 241 Broadway, New York.



THE BEST GOLD PENS
Are manufactured by JOHN HOLLAND, No. 19 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. By a patent process he alloys pure gold so as to make it as elastic as Damascus Steel. **Prices as low as the old style.** Send for illustrated price list.
New York Agency, 100 Nassau Street.

HARTFORD PUMP CO.
Water driven to any height and distance by **COMPRESSED AIR.** The best and cheapest means of supplying country houses and farms, for watering stock, washing carriages, feeding set basins and kitchen boilers, &c. Address
HARTFORD PUMP CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA & CATARRH REMEDY.

Having struggled twenty years between life and death with **ASTHMA,** I experimented by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine. I fortunately discovered a sure cure for **ASTHMA and CATARRH.** Warranted to relieve any case of Asthma instantly, so the patient can lie down to sleep. By mail, $1.00 per box. Address **D. LANGELL,** Apple Creek, Ohio. For sale by Druggists.

A Home School and College.
S. CLEMENT'S HALL,
ELLICOTT CITY, Near Baltimore, Md.
This old established Grammar School has unusual advantages. The Schools of Letters and of Science of the College proper are now open. Every home comfort. Experienced professors. Graduates take high rank. For circular, address
CHARLES A. De M. SPENCER, Ph.D., Head Master.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Amber Goods.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street,** 3 doors from Bowery.

$15 SHOT GUN
A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, OR NO SALE; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

A BOOK FOR ELECTORS.
POLITICS
FOR
YOUNG AMERICANS.
By CHARLES NORDHOFF.
16mo, Half Leather, $1 00.

Although especially designed for the instruction of young Americans, who seek to prepare themselves for the intelligent use of the electoral franchise, this little volume contains much information which will be found useful by readers of mature age. As a clear, trustworthy, and compact political manual, treating concisely of the principles upon which the government of the United States is founded, and the practical working of our political system, it stands without a rival.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

HAYES and WHEELER CAMPAIGN SONG BOOK.
Full of rousing Songs adapted to popular melodies. The hits at the opposition bring down the house. Is being used every where. Price 10c., mailed.
WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

50 Your name on Postmaster, 50 Mixed Vis. Cards Mallet Creek, O. 10c.

Teachers and Taught
PRONOUNCE THE
"VINEYARD OF SONG"
the best Music Book yet issued for practice and instruction in the art of Singing.

The "VINEYARD OF SONG" has been recently revised, so as to embody twenty-seven pages of new and valuable material.

Price 75 cts.; $7 50 per Doz. Copies.
☞ Sent by mail on receipt of 75 cents.
BIGLOW & MAIN, Publishers,
76 East Ninth St., New York.

TRADE MARK
KNIT IN 5 MINUTES.

BRANSON KNITTER $20.
Simpler and much easier learned than any Sewing Machine. Work surpasses that made by hand. Canvassers make traveling expenses by work which they do in showing the Knitters.
AGENTS WANTED—SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
BRANSON KNITTING MACHINE CO., Limited.
224, S. Fifth St., Philadelphia,
235, State St., Chicago,
430, Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS FOR 1876.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveller.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.
A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

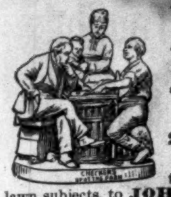
Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

CAMPAIGN PICTURES, 19x24, CARICATURES, &c. the best & cheapest. Sample copies by mail, 25c. Circular free. WM. M. DONALDSON, Art Publisher, Cincinnati.


CHECKERS UP AT THE FARM

Rogers' Statuary

$10 and upward.

"Checkers up at the Farm."

Just Completed.

20 Inches High, Price $15.

Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and prints of lawn subjects, to **JOHN ROGERS**, 1155 Broadway, cor. 27th St., New York. (Formerly 212 Fifth Ave.)

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Suit. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Suit Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VIII.	
MANTLE, with Shirred Tablier and Walking Skirt	No. 17
CHILD'S WARDROBE, Box-Pleated Blouse, Gabrielle, Yoke Slip, and Sacque (for child from 6 months to 5 years old)	" 21
PLEATED BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Deep, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
LOOSE BASQUE, with Cardinal Cape, Square Apron, and Walking Skirt	" 33
DOUBLE-BREASTED FRENCH JACKET, Sheath Over-skirt, & Clinging Walking Skirt	" 41
CUIRASS BASQUE, Long Square Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 43
JOCKEY BASQUE, Double Apron with Scarf Back, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 43
MARQUISE SACQUE, with Double-Breasted Vest, Trimmed Skirt, and Short Court Train.	" 43
LONG CLOAK, Apron with Upright Folds, and Six-Gore Walking Skirt	" 45
DOUBLE-BREASTED CUIRASS BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Revers Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt	" 46
ARMOR BASQUE, Scarf Over-skirt, with Reticule Pocket, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 46
MARGUERITE PELISSE, with Six-Gore Walking Skirt	" 48
PRINCESSE DRESS	" 48
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Princesse Dress, Kilt Suit (Double-Breasted Sacque, Basque Buttoned Behind, and Kilt Skirt) and Vest Over Dress (for girl from 2 to 9 years old)	" 50
MARGUERITE WRAPPER	" 52
Vol. IX.	
GIRL'S LINGERIE, Gabrielle Wrapper, Under-Waist, Sacque Night-gown, Sacque Chemise, and Closed Drawers (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 4
PRINCESSE POLONAISE, with Demi-Trained Skirt	" 4
BLOUSE BASQUE, La Boiteuse Over-skirt and Full-Trained Skirt	" 10
CAMBRIC POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 12
CONTINENTAL BASQUE, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 12
LAFAYETTE SACQUE, Drapery Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 14
CORSET BASQUE, Burnous Over-skirt with Parasol Pocket, and Walking Skirt	" 18
"SEVENTY-SIX" POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 20
LA BOITEUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 22
POLONAISE BUTTONED BEHIND, with Long Walking Skirt	" 22
SCARF MANTLE, Long Apron, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 24
CENTENNIAL WALKING SUIT (Cuirass Basque, Pouf Over-skirt with Châtelaine Pocket, and Long Walking Skirt)	" 30
PLEATED MUSLIN SUIT (Basque, Over-skirt, and Lower Skirt)	" 32

The Publishers will send either Suit by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Suits will be sent for $2 00. Parties ordering from the British Provinces will please remit Ten Cents extra for postage on each Suit. No Suits separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

OPIUM Habit Cured.

A Certain and Sure Cure. Large reduction in prices. A trial bottle free.
Mrs. J. A. DROLLINGER, LaPorte, Ind.
Box 1038. (Formerly Mrs. Dr. S. B. Collins.)

FUN! THE Whispering Cord; or Lovers' Telegraph. Biggest thing yet! Just out!! 11,000 sold first week!!! With this instrument two persons can privately converse with each other 100 feet apart. You can stand in the garden and talk with your sweetheart (in the softest whisper) from the upper story of her dwelling, and the "old folks" can't hear a word. At parties and social gatherings they produce uproarous laughter. Price, with ear-drum, speaking tube, and directions, all complete, 15 cents a pair; 2 pair, 25 cts; 1 doz. pair, $1.25. Mailed post paid. Address EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., **39 Ann St., New York.** P. O. Box 4614. ☞ Beware of imitations.

CAMPAIGN SONGS. *"Hold the Fort for Hayes and Wheeler," "Sunlight on the Flag," "Hayes for our President," "Grandly the Loyal Hosts are Marching," "Vote as you Shot, Boys."* Price 30 cents each. Sent, postpaid, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Publishers, Cleveland, O.

Imitation Gold Watches $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

PERFECTION.
BOKER'S BITTERS.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 78 John St., N.Y.
P. O. Box 1029.

25 **Extra Fine Mixed Cards,** with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

ILL. CATALOGUE of articles for **free.** Boston Novelty Co., Mass. AGENTS

LOOMIS'S MATHEMATICAL SERIES.

IMPORTANT REVISIONS.

By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D.,

Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College.

The Elements of Algebra. Entirely Revised and Rewritten. Designed for the Use of Beginners. 12mo, Sheep, $1 25.

A Treatise on Algebra. Entirely Revised and Rewritten. 12mo, Sheep, $1 50.

Key to the Same. *For Teachers only.* 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The Elements of Geometry, Conic Sections, and Plane Trigonometry. Entirely Revised and Rewritten. 12mo, Sheep, $1 50.

The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with their Applications to Mensuration, Surveying, and Navigation, together with Tables of Logarithms. 8vo, Sheep, $2 00.

The Trigonometry and Tables bound separately. Trigonometry, $1 50; Tables, $1 50.

The Elements of Analytical Geometry. Entirely Revised and Rewritten. 12mo, Sheep, $1 50.

The Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. Entirely Revised and Rewritten. 12mo, Sheep, $1 50.

The Analytical Geometry and Calculus. Complete in one volume. $2 50.

A Treatise on Astronomy. With Illustrations. 8vo, Sheep, $2 00.

A Practical Astronomy. With a Collection of Astronomical Tables. 8vo, Sheep, $2 00.

A Treatise on Meteorology. With a Collection of Meteorological Tables. 8vo, Sheep, $2 00.

☞ Special attention is invited to those books of the series that have recently been *revised*, *enlarged*, and *rewritten*.

From J. W. Sterling, Vice-President and Professor of Mathematics, University of Wisconsin.

We have for many years been using in this University Loomis's Algebra, Geometry, and Trigonometry. We prefer them to any text-books on these subjects we have seen, and have no intention of putting others in their place.

It is our wish that these books be introduced into all our normal and high schools. As far as practicable, the text-books in all these schools should be the same as those used in the University. This uniformity, on every account so desirable, will, we are confident, soon be brought about.

Loomis's text-books have stood the test of time, and will not be readily given up by those who have thoroughly tried them.

From S. J. Bucks, Prof. of Mathematics, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa.

We are using Loomis's Geometry, Trigonometry, and Tables, and the Revised Analytical Geometry in Iowa College, and are well satisfied with them. It is our intention always to use the best books.

Harper & Brothers publish a full list of school and college text-books, including

SWINTON'S LANGUAGE SERIES,
FRENCH'S ARITHMETICS,
WILLSON'S SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS AND SPELLERS,
HARPER'S UNITED STATES READERS,
COMFORT'S GERMAN SERIES,
HOOKER'S SCIENCE SERIES,
WILLSON'S INDUSTRIAL DRAWING SERIES,
SCOTT'S SCHOOL HISTORIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
HOOKER'S CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE,
DICKENS'S CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,
LAMSON'S COPY-BOOKS,
WENTWORTH'S ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS,
NORDHOFF'S POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS,
STUDENT'S SERIES OF HISTORIES,
ROLFE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS,
SMITH'S FRENCH PRINCIPIA, GERMAN PRINCIPIA, AND PRINCIPIA LATINA,
HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS,
ANTHON'S SCHOOL AND COLLEGE CLASSICS,
ORTON'S ZOOLOGY,
DALTON'S PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE,
UPHAM'S MENTAL PHILOSOPHY,
HAVEN'S RHETORIC,
GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE,
MARCH'S ANGLO-SAXON GRAMMAR & READER,
DUFF'S BOOK-KEEPING,
ZUNDEL AND RYAN'S SCHOOL HARMONIST,
COX'S HISTORY OF GREECE,
MERIVALE'S HISTORY OF ROME,
MUNSON'S COMPLETE PHONOGRAPHER.

Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of the introduction price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

IMPURE BREATH You are troubled with a bad Breath; it annoys your friends as well as yourself. You would like to get rid of it, but scarcely know what means to adopt. We will tell you. Cleanse your teeth and rinse your mouth thoroughly every morning with that peerless dentifrice,

FRAGRANT SOZODONT,

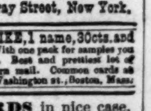
and your breath will become sweet and your teeth assume a pearl-like appearance. Impure breath arising from Catarrh, Bad Teeth, or the use of Liquor or Tobacco, is completely neutralized by the daily use of Sozodont. Sold by Druggists.

HAY-FEVER.

A Popular Treatise on the Disease known as "Rose Cold," "June Cold," and "Autumnal Catarrh," including Accounts of Several Hundred Cases. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D., Author of "Our Home Physician," "Eating and Drinking," "Stimulants and Narcotics," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*



If you want to do your own printing, to save or make money, send for a Circular. If you want a Specimen Book of Type, &c. send three cents. We are the oldest house in the country in the business, and have the **cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses.** We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS, and a miniature printing office for FIVE DOLLARS.
YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

XLCR 75 VISITING-CARDS, NO 2 ALIKE, 1 name, 30cts. and 3ct. stamp. 4 packs, 4 names, $1. With one pack for samples you can obtain 20 names per hour easily. Best and prettiest lot of cards for the money ever seen. Sent by return mail. Common cards at unheard-of rates. Address W. C. CANNON, 712 Washington st., Boston, Mass.

50 **VISITING CARDS** in nice case, 25 cts. Samples, 3 cts. Agents wanted. S. E. FOSS & CO., Campello, Mass.

Golden Hill Seminary for Young Ladies, Bridgeport, Conn. Miss Emily Nelson.

BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, **Strongest, Cheapest, Best,** will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 5x7½, $27; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Send stamp for catalogue to Curtis & Mitchell, Type Founders, No. 21 Brattle St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

WANTED. YOUNG MEN AND LADIES, to learn Telegraphy, and earn $45 to $90 per month. Extra inducements. The *largest, best,* and *most reliable* College in the U. S. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address **Telegraph College, Buffalo, N. Y.**

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR HISTORY CENTEN'L EXHIBITION
It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 73 copies in two days. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$3 Enterprise Printing Presses. A Great success. Four sizes. Send stamp for Catalogue to J. COOK & CO., West Meriden, Conn.

ENGINEERS & Engine Owners should all understand the Allen Governor. Illustrated Circular sent free. S. B. ALLEN, Boston.

FREE! **$1 Samples** for trial. Best article out. Profit 400 per cent. Agents make $70 per week. **If unemployed,** send stamp for pamphlet. J. R. RAY & CO., Chicago.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

WANTED Men to travel and sell goods to **dealers.** No peddling. **$80** a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. Monitor Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$2 OUTFIT FREE. Best chance yet. Write at once to **COLLINS & CO.,** 2 Clinton Place, New York.

7-SHOT Nickel-Plated Revolvers, with 100 Cartridges, $3 00. Catalogues Free. FELTON & CO., N.Y. City.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS MAN'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. Bufford's Sons, Boston Mass.

ATTENTION! TO THE **Centennial at Half Rates.**

In consequence of the great demand for the **Centennial Picture of Progress,** and in order to place it within the reach of ALL, we have determined to reduce the prices! When this advertisement and 75 cents is received, a $1.00 picture will be sent; or, a $2.00 picture for $1.50.

"It is an artistic, illuminated history of the past hundred years, full of interest to all who love America."

Cut out this advertisement and send at once, as the demand is rapidly increasing.

JAMES MILLER, Publisher,
Sept. 1, 1876. 176 William St., N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

DANIEL DERONDA. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Middlemarch," "Romola," "Adam Bede," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

II.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC. A Review of American Progress. By Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D.; F. A. P. Barnard, LL.D.; Hon. David A. Wells; Hon. Francis A. Walker; Prof. T. Sterry Hunt; Prof. William G. Sumner; Edward Atkinson; Prof. Theodore Gill; Edwin P. Whipple; Prof. W. H. Brewer; Eugene Lawrence; The Rev. John F. Hurst, D.D.; Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; Austin Flint, M.D.; S. S. Conant; Edward H. Knight; and Charles L. Brace. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Morocco, $7 25.

III.

PHŒBE, JUNIOR. A Last Chronicle of Carlingford. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Ombra," "Squire Arden," "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

IV.

EUGENE LAWRENCE'S HISTORICAL STUDIES. Historical Studies. By Eugene Lawrence. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $3 00.

V.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE. Book I. History of Japan, from 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870–1874. By William Elliot Griffis, A.M., late of the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

VI.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "True to Herself," "Her Face was Her Fortune," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

VII.

YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. By Will Carleton, Author of "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

ISRAEL MORT, OVERMAN. A Novel. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Bound to the Wheel," "Hirell," "Martin Pole," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

IX.

HAY-FEVER. A Popular Treatise on the Disease known as "Rose Cold," "June Cold," and "Autumnal Catarrh," including Accounts of Several Hundred Cases. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D., Author of "Our Home Physician," "Eating and Drinking," "Stimulants and Narcotics," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

X.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER. A Woodland Tale. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "Cradock Nowell," "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Lorna Doone," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XI.

STARBOARD AND PORT. Starboard and Port: the "Nettie" Along Shore. A Summer's Yacht Cruise along the Coasts of Maine and Labrador. By George H. Hepworth. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

XII.

ROSE TURQUAND. A Novel. By Ellice Hopkins. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

XIII.

ORTON'S ZOOLOGY. Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic. For Use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A.M., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York; Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," &c. With 350 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

XIV.

HIDDEN PERILS. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," "The Squire's Legacy," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

XV.

DR. DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," "Civil Policy of America," "History of the American Civil War," &c. Revised Edition, in Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

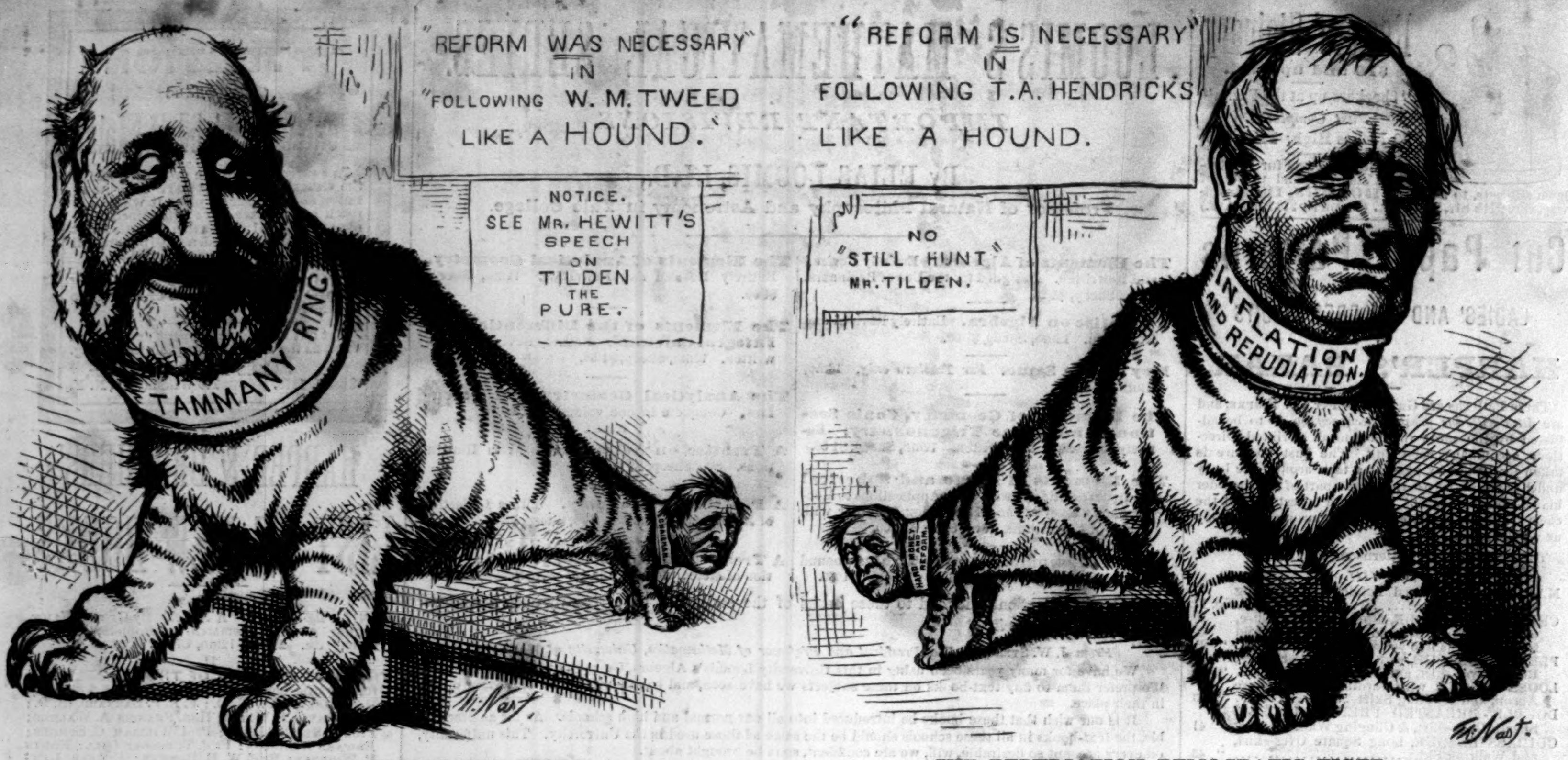
☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BIG PAY To sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Terms free. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

$55 to $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.


"REFORM WAS NECESSARY" IN "FOLLOWING W. M. TWEED LIKE A HOUND."
"REFORM IS NECESSARY" IN FOLLOWING T. A. HENDRICKS LIKE A HOUND.
NOTICE. SEE MR. HEWITT'S SPEECH ON TILDEN THE PURE.
NO "STILL HUNT" MR. TILDEN.
TAMMANY RING
INFLATION AND REPUDIATION.
HARD MONEY AND REFORM
Th. Nast.
Th. Nast.

THE TAMMANY DEMOCRATIC TIGER. THE REPUDIATION DEMOCRATIC TIGER.

Mr. Tilden has consented, and to *the end must be the mere "figure-head"* of that Democratic Tiger.

DELMONICO'S REMOVAL.

L. DELMONICO
Has removed from 5th Ave. and 14th St.
TO
Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and 26th Street,
(MADISON SQUARE.)

BIBLIOTHECA
ELEGANS ET CURIOSA.

Priced Catalogue of a valuable, interesting, and curious collection of Books, ANCIENT and MODERN, in all classes of Literature, now offered at very low prices. To this CATALOGUE, and to our uncommon large stock of FINE ENGLISH BOOKS, we particularly call the attention of collectors and librarians.

A. L. LUYSTER, { 138 Fulton St., New York; 7 Bloomsbury Market, London.

WATERS' ORCHESTRION chime ORGANS are the most beautiful *in* style *and* perfect *in* tone ever made. They have *the* celebrated Concerto stop, which *is a* fine imitation *of the* Human Voice, *and* two and a half Octaves *of* bells tuned *in* perfect harmony with *the* reeds, and their effect *is* magical *and* electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRAL, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL CHIMES, CHAPEL, & COTTAGE ORGANS, *in* Unique French Cases, combine PURITY *of* VOICING *with* great volume *of* tone; suitable *for* PARLOR *or* CHURCH. **WATERS' PIANOS,** Grand, Square, and UPRIGHT, ARE THE BEST MADE; the Tone, Touch, Workmanship, *and* Durability Unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash. Monthly Installments received. Instruments to let until paid for as per contract. A Liberal Discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers *and* Dealers, 481 Broadway, *and* 40 EAST 14th ST., UNION SQUARE, N.Y.

Do You DO YOUR OWN Printing?

If not, why? A few dollars will buy an Excelsior Portable Press, Type, Ink, all complete, simply arranged, with which Cards, Labels, Envelopes, Billheads, Circulars, Etc., can be printed at QUARTER printers' prices. It *pays* and is pleasant to have your own printing apparatus. Send 6 cts. (two stamps) for full, illustrated catalogue, to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.
Presses $3. and upwards.

MAGIC LANTERNS

McAllister's Patent Artopticon.

Most powerful Magic Lantern made. Brilliant Oil Lamp; for Sunday-Schools, Lectures, &c. Stereopticons and Slides at reduced prices. *Very profitable business.* Catalogues sent on application. WM. Y. McALLISTER, 728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAVE $20.00
BUY THE WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON
SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS MACHINE IN THE WORLD
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
AGENTS WANTED
FOR UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY TO WHOM WE OFFER UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENTS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS, TERMS &c., ADDRESS WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO. 827 & 829 BROADWAY, N.Y., OR NEW ORLEANS.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Hayes or Tilden
Campaign Outfits,
Torches, Lanterns, Belts, Caps, Capes, Badges, &c., &c. Send for our new illustrated CATALOGUE, just published, and save money. Address PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers, 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
Henry Hoe, Sole Agent, 91 John St., N. Y.

FAVORITE CIGARETTE ROLLER.
Compact, simple, practical, and appreciated by Smokers. Silver-Plated, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
POPE M'F'G CO.,
45 High St., Boston, Mass.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue
WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR Printing Presses.
"Lowest Priced and BEST."
Do Your Own Printing!
$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for larger work. **Business Men** do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Pleasure and profit in **Amateur Printing.** The Girls or **Boys** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue of presses, type, etc., to the Manufacturers, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

TRAMPS AND BURGLARS.
4000 Remington's Revolvers
AT JOB LOT PRICES.
JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS,
WHOLESALE GUN DEALERS,
300 Broadway, N. Y.

COLT'S NEW MODEL 7-Shot Revolver. Weight, 7 oz.; shoots 22 long or short cartridge, and warranted. Price $5 00; also, a 7-Shot Revolver, full Nickel plated, $3 50. Either of the above sent by mail on receipt of price, or C.O.D. Send 10 cts. for 80-page Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Fishing-Tackle, Base-Ball and Sporting Goods. **FISH & SIMPSON,** 132 Nassau St., N.Y.

UNION ADAMS
MANUFACTURES TO ORDER
Fine Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, &c.
847 BROADWAY.

CHAS. L. PAGE, 147 State St., Chicago.
TILES. Importer of MINTON'S TILES, for Vestibules, Halls, Bank Floors, &c.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

ADAM BEDE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
DANIEL DERONDA. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
MIDDLEMARCH. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
ROMOLA. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, and SILAS MARNER, The Weaver of Raveloe. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

No larger and more intellectual audience probably waits upon any living writer in the English language than George Eliot now assembles by the touch of her pen.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

For subtlety of thought, carefulness of literary execution, delicate and firm delineation of character and motive, and accurate elucidation of the springs of action exhibited by its leading actors, it is unsurpassed in this branch of English literature. Nothing is slighted—even the subordinate characters and secondary circumstances are worked out with the most finished detail. The story itself is profoundly absorbing, and all its accessories are brilliant and strong. Its pictures are vivid, natural, and powerful, whether depicting the development of the character of its heroine and its several heroes, or describing social out-of-door life in England or on the Continent, or in their remarkable exposition of the Hebrew character and faith. The book is a notable one in the realm of romance, and is pregnant with subdued passion and thoughtfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

As a study of human nature, it is wonderful. * * * Her books are events.—*Springfield Republican.*

In those great qualities which made Shakespeare the greatest of dramatists, it is the ripest fruit of the noblest genius of the age.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The study of Mirah, the young Jewess, is told with a tenderness and pathos to which we do not remember a parallel in all George Eliot's works.—*Examiner*, Lond.

The position of George Eliot in the literature of modern fiction is absolutely regal. Her one novel in three years is a royal visit, and an event in history.—*Globe*, London.

There has never been a popular favorite who has so completely found the key to the sympathies of her audience as George Eliot.—*Spectator*, London.

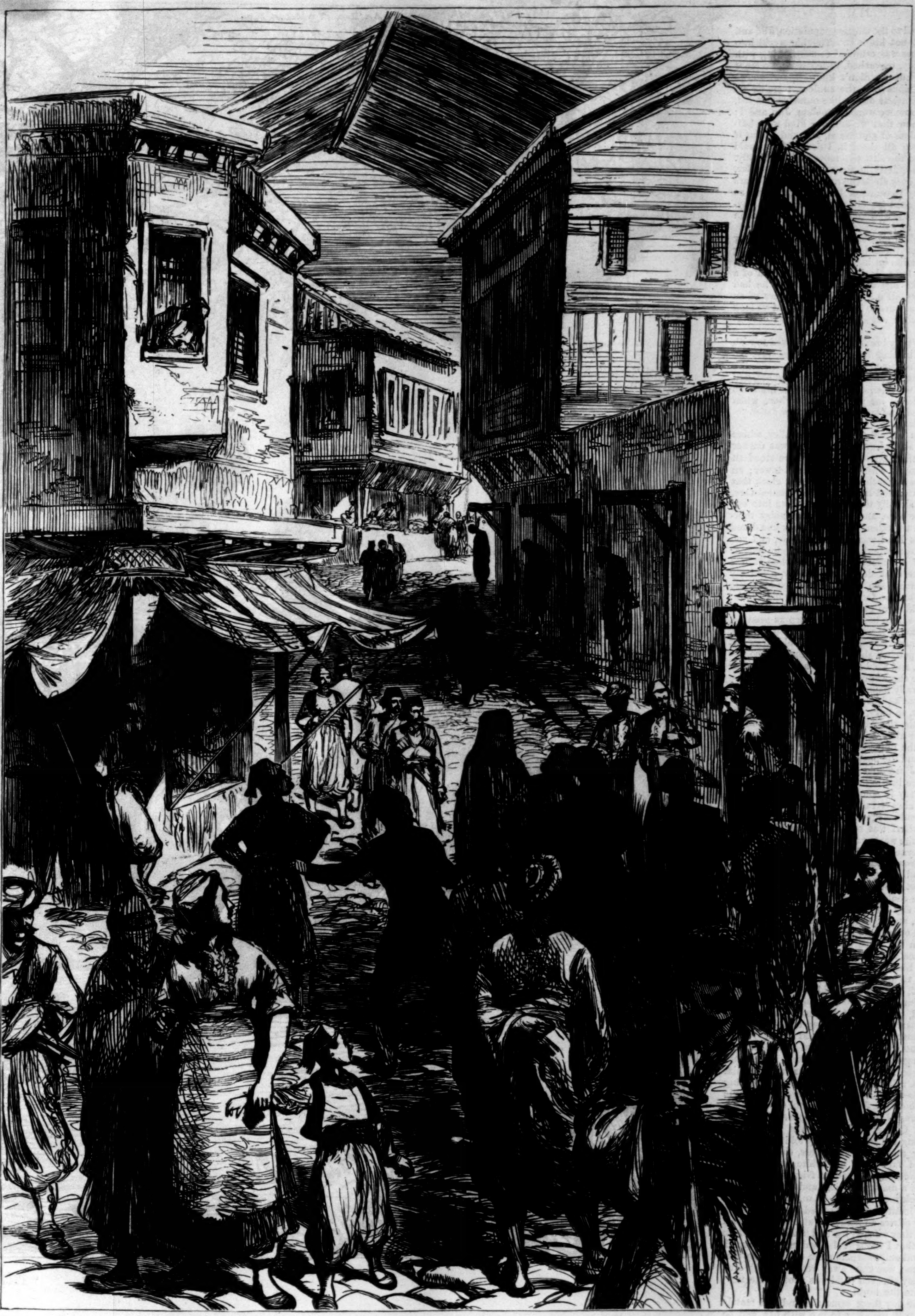
Readers of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," the most absorbing romance of the day, have a varied and delightful intellectual feast. The unexceptionable English in which it is written, the marked individuality and strength of its characters, no less than the succession of deeply interesting and difficult situations which flow across its pages with as much dignity and naturalness as the constellations sweep across the heavens, attest the genius and mental muscle of the author.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Harper & Brothers also publish Cheaper Editions of the following of George Eliot's Novels:

MIDDLEMARCH. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.
FELIX HOLT. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
ROMOLA. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
SILAS MARNER. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.
DANIEL DERONDA. 8vo, Paper, $1 50. *(In Press.)*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*



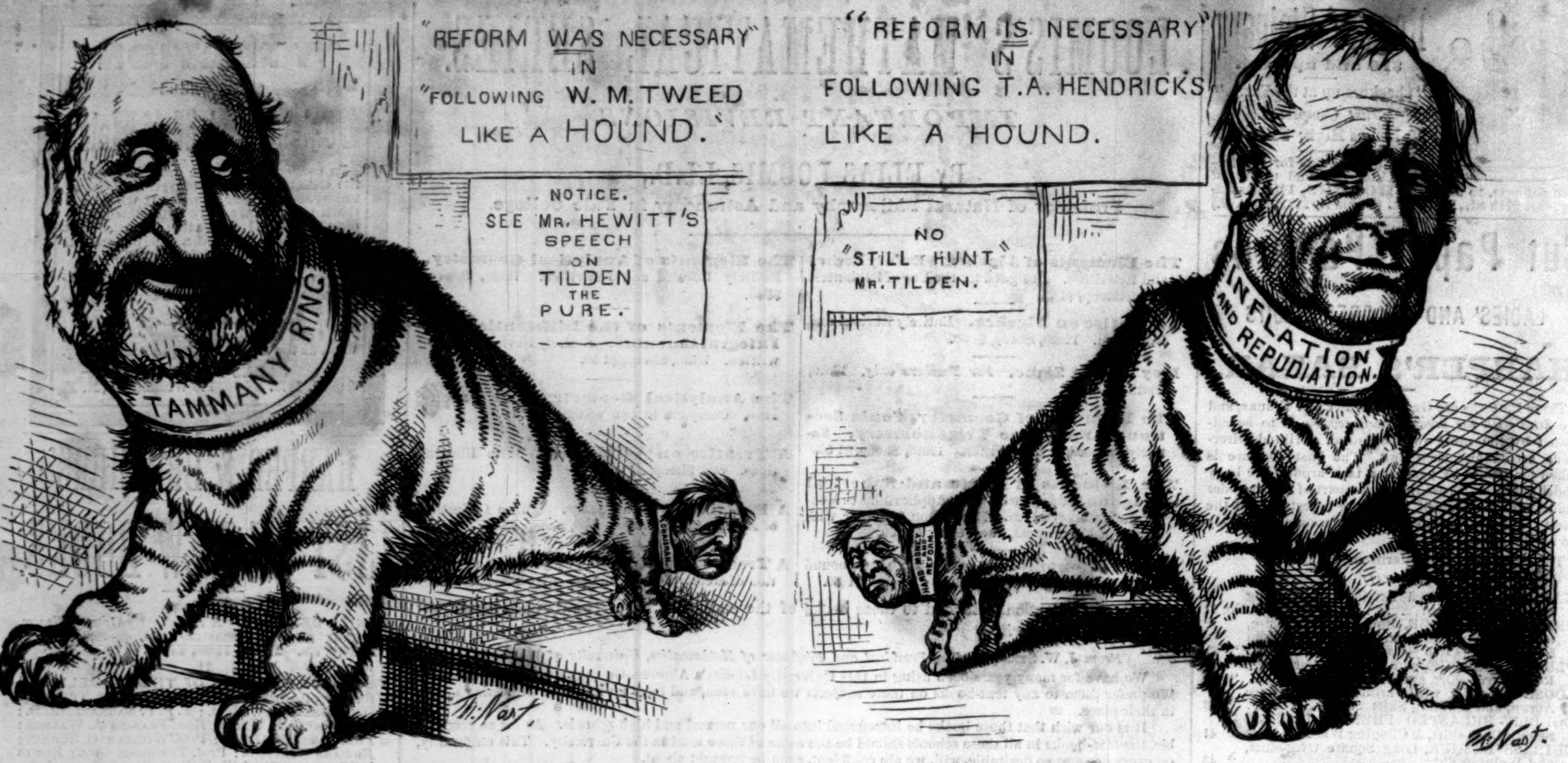
THE SERVIAN WAR—EXECUTION OF BULGARIANS IN THE STREETS OF PHILIPPOPOLIS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY COUNT CARRIERO.]

THE SERVIAN WAR.

THE above sketch, from the pencil of Count CARRIERO, an artist who has himself witnessed the scene he portrays, will give our readers some idea of the atrocities still possible to modern warfare. In the letter, dated at Philippopolis, which accompanies the sketch he says: "It is impossible to fully describe what is passing; it is necessary to be here in order to believe it. The massacres are increasing, and unless the perpetrators of these horrors are punished and put down with a strong hand, the whole country will be steeped with blood and fire. Every day numbers of Bulgarians are executed in public, and there are gallowses erected in nearly every street."

In the present war with Servia and Montenegro the Turks had fully realized their ancient reputation for shocking deeds of vengeance. In speaking of a village in Bulgaria, the correspondent of a London journal says: "Not an able-bodied man or woman is left. All the men have been killed, and all the women who escaped the massacre sold into slavery. The children, who wandered about the country abandoned, have been taken and sold at an average price of fifty piasters. The little girls—those who were pretty—have been taken to Constantinople to be disposed of in the secret markets that still exist."

It is probably true that in the first instance the insurgents gave provocation by their barbarities, but the punishment inflicted by the Turkish government has been fearfully disproportioned to the offense. Inoffensive laborers were butchered in cold blood long after any trace of revolutionary struggle had disappeared. In districts where there had never been a shadow of disturbance, old men, women, and children were burned in their cottages. Prisoners have been tortured, not by the authorities, but by irresponsible wretches, who force them to reveal the places where their money and other valuables may be secreted. Against the regular troops and even against the men in command no such charges are brought, and, on the contrary, there is evidence that the army has even attempted to prevent the worst excesses. But it is a disgrace to the government of Turkey that those who should have protected the territory when conquered willfully left it exposed to the brutality of savages, and that it only thought too late of the means by which their fury might be controlled.


"REFORM WAS NECESSARY" IN "FOLLOWING W. M. TWEED LIKE A HOUND."
NOTICE. SEE Mr. HEWITT'S SPEECH ON TILDEN THE PURE.
TAMMANY RING
CHAIRMAN
Th. Nast.
"REFORM IS NECESSARY" IN FOLLOWING T.A. HENDRICKS LIKE A HOUND.
NO "STILL HUNT" Mr. TILDEN.
INFLATION AND REPUDIATION.
HARD MONEY AND REFORM
Th. Nast.

THE TAMMANY DEMOCRATIC TIGER. THE REPUDIATION DEMOCRATIC TIGER.

Mr. Tilden has consented, and to *the end must be the mere "figure-head"* of that Democratic Tiger.

DELMONICO'S REMOVAL.

L. DELMONICO
Has removed from 5th Ave. and 14th St.
TO
Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and 26th Street,
(MADISON SQUARE.)

BIBLIOTHECA
ELEGANS ET CURIOSA.

Priced Catalogue of a valuable, interesting, and curious collection of Books, ANCIENT and MODERN, in all classes of Literature, now offered at very low prices. To this CATALOGUE, and to our uncommon large stock of FINE ENGLISH BOOKS, we particularly call the attention of collectors and librarians.

A. L. LUYSTER, { 138 Fulton St., New York; 7 Bloomsbury Market, London.

WATERS' ORCHESTRION chime ORGANS are the most beautiful *in* **style** *and* **perfect** *in* **tone ever made. They have** *the* **celebrated Concerto stop, which** *is a* **fine imitation** *of the* **Human Voice,** *and* **two and a half Octaves** *of* **bells tuned** *in* **perfect harmony with** *the* **reeds, and their effect** *is* **magical** *and* **electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRAL, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL CHIMES, CHAPEL, & COTTAGE ORGANS,** *in* **Unique French Cases, combine PURITY** *of* **VOICING** *with* **great volume** *of* **tone; suitable** *for* **PARLOR** *or* **CHURCH. WATERS' PIANOS, Grand, Square, and UPRIGHT, ARE THE BEST MADE; the Tone, Touch, Workmanship,** *and* **Durability Unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW** *for* **cash. Monthly Installments received. Instruments to let until paid for as per contract. A Liberal Discount** *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* **AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers** *and* **Dealers, 481 Broadway,** *and* **40 EAST 14th ST., UNION SQUARE, N.Y.**

Do You DO YOUR OWN Printing?

If not, why? A few dollars will buy an Excelsior Portable Press, Type, Ink, all complete, simply arranged, with which Cards, Labels, Envelopes, Billheads, Circulars, Etc., can be printed at QUARTER printers' prices. It *pays* and is pleasant to have your own printing apparatus. Send 6 cts. (two stamps) for full, illustrated catalogue, to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.
Presses $3. and upwards.

MAGIC LANTERNS

McAllister's Patent Artopticon.

Most powerful Magic Lantern made. Brilliant Oil Lamp; for Sunday-Schools, Lectures, &c. Stereopticons and Slides at reduced prices. *Very profitable business.* Catalogues sent on application. WM. Y. McALLISTER, 728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SAVE $20.00 BUY THE WORLD RENOWNED **WILSON** SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS MACHINE IN THE WORLD FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

AGENTS WANTED
FOR UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY TO WHOM WE OFFER UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENTS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS, TERMS &c., ADDRESS WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO. 827 & 829 BROADWAY, N.Y., OR NEW ORLEANS.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Hayes or Tilden
Campaign Outfits,
Torches, Lanterns, Belts, Caps, Capes, Badges, &c., &c. Send for our new illustrated **CATALOGUE,** just published, and save money. Address **PECK & SNYDER,** Manufacturers, 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
Henry Hoe, Sole Agent, **91 John St., N. Y.**

FAVORITE CIGARETTE ROLLER.
Compact, simple, practical, and appreciated by Smokers. **Silver-Plated, 50c.** Sent by mail on receipt of price.
POPE M'F'G CO.,
45 High St., Boston, Mass.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue
WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR Printing Presses
"Lowest Priced and BEST."
Do Your Own Printing!
$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for larger work. **Business Men** do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Pleasure and profit in **Amateur Printing.** The Girls or **Boys** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue of presses, type, etc., to the Manufacturers, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

TRAMPS AND BURGLARS.
4000 Remington's Revolvers
AT JOB LOT PRICES.
JOHN P. MOORE'S SONS,
WHOLESALE GUN DEALERS,
300 Broadway, N. Y.

COLT'S NEW MODEL 7-Shot Revolver. Weight, 7 oz.; shoots 22 long or short cartridge, and warranted. Price $5 00; also, a 7-Shot Revolver, full Nickel plated, **$3 50.** Either of the above sent by mail on receipt of price, or C.O.D. Send 10 cts. for 80-page Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Fishing-Tackle, Base-Ball and Sporting Goods. **FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.**

UNION ADAMS
MANUFACTURES TO ORDER
Fine Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers, &c.
847 BROADWAY.

CHAS. L. PAGE, 147 State St., Chicago.
TILES. Importer of MINTON'S TILES, for Vestibules, Halls, Bank Floors, &c.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

ADAM BEDE. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
DANIEL DERONDA. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
MIDDLEMARCH. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.
ROMOLA. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, and SILAS MARNER, The Weaver of Raveloe. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.
THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

No larger and more intellectual audience probably waits upon any living writer in the English language than George Eliot now assembles by the touch of her pen.—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

For subtlety of thought, carefulness of literary execution, delicate and firm delineation of character and motive, and accurate elucidation of the springs of action exhibited by its leading actors, it is unsurpassed in this branch of English literature. Nothing is slighted—even the subordinate characters and secondary circumstances are worked out with the most finished detail. The story itself is profoundly absorbing, and all its accessories are brilliant and strong. Its pictures are vivid, natural, and powerful, whether depicting the development of the character of its heroine and its several heroes, or describing social out-of-door life in England or on the Continent, or in their remarkable exposition of the Hebrew character and faith. The book is a notable one in the realm of romance, and is pregnant with subdued passion and thoughtfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

As a study of human nature, it is wonderful. * * * Her books are events.—*Springfield Republican.*

In those great qualities which made Shakespeare the greatest of dramatists, it is the ripest fruit of the noblest genius of the age.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The study of Mirah, the young Jewess, is told with a tenderness and pathos to which we do not remember a parallel in all George Eliot's works.—*Examiner*, Lond.

The position of George Eliot in the literature of modern fiction is absolutely regal. Her one novel in three years is a royal visit, and an event in history.—*Globe*, London.

There has never been a popular favorite who has so completely found the key to the sympathies of her audience as George Eliot.—*Spectator*, London.

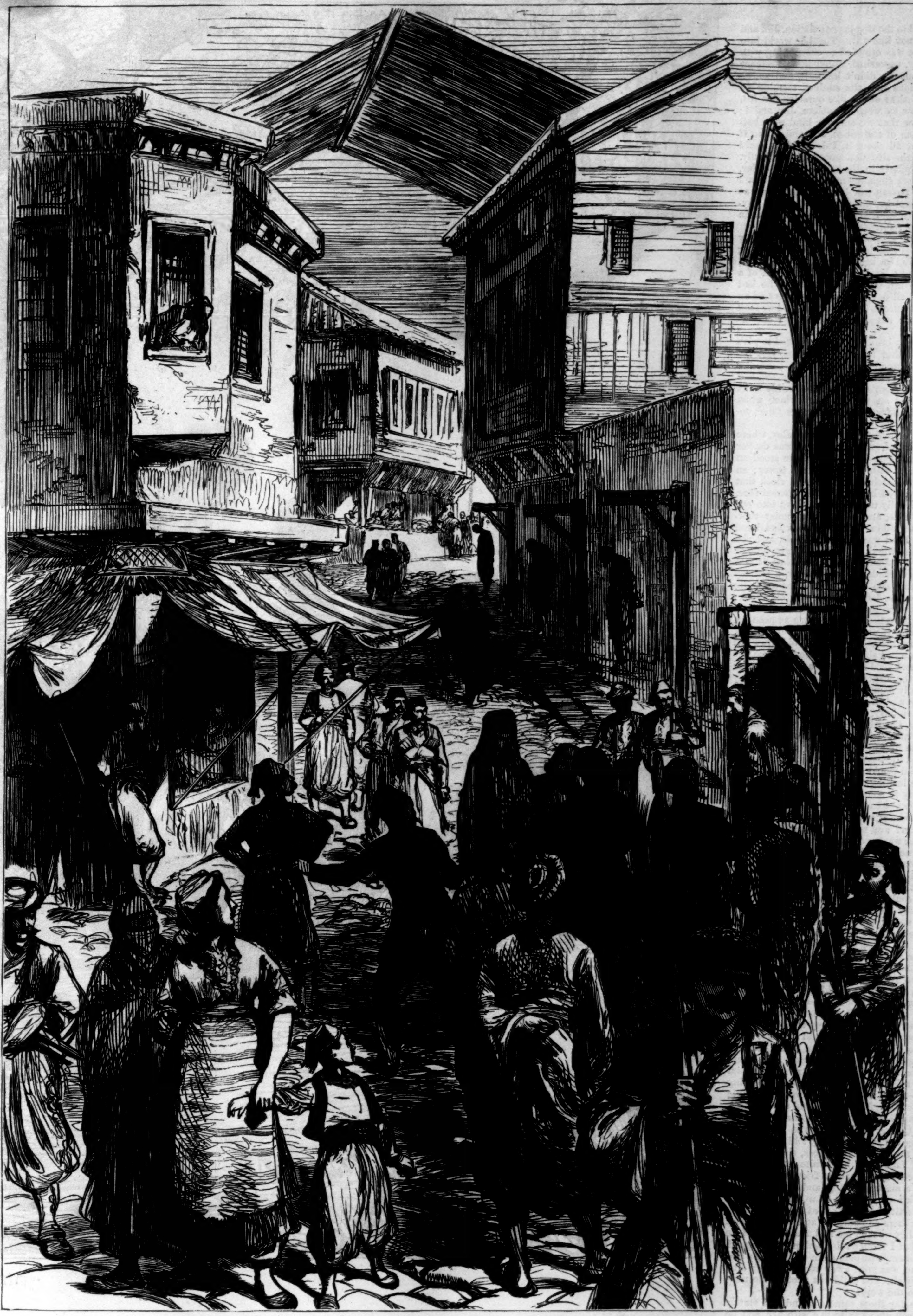
Readers of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," the most absorbing romance of the day, have a varied and delightful intellectual feast. The unexceptionable English in which it is written, the marked individuality and strength of its characters, no less than the succession of deeply interesting and difficult situations which flow across its pages with as much dignity and naturalness as the constellations sweep across the heavens, attest the genius and mental muscle of the author.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Harper & Brothers also publish Cheaper Editions of the following of George Eliot's Novels:

MIDDLEMARCH. 8vo, Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2 00.
FELIX HOLT. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
ROMOLA. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
SILAS MARNER. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.
DANIEL DERONDA. 8vo, Paper, $1 50. *(In Press.)*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*



THE SERVIAN WAR—EXECUTION OF BULGARIANS IN THE STREETS OF PHILIPPOPOLIS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY COUNT CARRIERO.]

THE SERVIAN WAR.

THE above sketch, from the pencil of Count CARRIERO, an artist who has himself witnessed the scene he portrays, will give our readers some idea of the atrocities still possible to modern warfare. In the letter, dated at Philippopolis, which accompanies the sketch he says: "It is impossible to fully describe what is passing; it is necessary to be here in order to believe it. The massacres are increasing, and unless the perpetrators of these horrors are punished and put down with a strong hand, the whole country will be steeped with blood and fire. Every day numbers of Bulgarians are executed in public, and there are gallowses erected in nearly every street."

In the present war with Servia and Montenegro the Turks had fully realized their ancient reputation for shocking deeds of vengeance. In speaking of a village in Bulgaria, the correspondent of a London journal says: "Not an able-bodied man or woman is left. All the men have been killed, and all the women who escaped the massacre sold into slavery. The children, who wandered about the country abandoned, have been taken and sold at an average price of fifty piasters. The little girls—those who were pretty—have been taken to Constantinople to be disposed of in the secret markets that still exist."

It is probably true that in the first instance the insurgents gave provocation by their barbarities, but the punishment inflicted by the Turkish government has been fearfully disproportioned to the offense. Inoffensive laborers were butchered in cold blood long after any trace of revolutionary struggle had disappeared. In districts where there had never been a shadow of disturbance, old men, women, and children were burned in their cottages. Prisoners have been tortured, not by the authorities, but by irresponsible wretches, who force them to reveal the places where their money and other valuables may be secreted. Against the regular troops and even against the men in command no such charges are brought, and, on the contrary, there is evidence that the army has even attempted to prevent the worst excesses. But it is a disgrace to the government of Turkey that those who should have protected the territory when conquered willfully left it exposed to the brutality of savages, and that it only thought too late of the means by which their fury might be controlled.

JIM.

We belonged to the surplus population, Jim and I, but we did not know it. The big world into which we came was crowded to overflowing with just such puny, unwashed, ill-fed little wretches as we were, but we didn't know it, and so we came unconscious into the sunless, teeming alley, where countless others like ourselves herded. We didn't know we were a problem, Jim and I; we didn't know that we and our kind were baffling the wisdom of statesmen, Jim and I; but if we had known all about it, I doubt if we could have occupied the situation more philosophically. We slept as quietly in the under-ground cellar, down whose oozy steps the rain and ruin of years made slippery passage, or bestowed ourselves as naturally, if need be, under some stranded way-side cart, as if it were precisely the thing Heaven had adapted us for from the beginning.

Jim was older and bigger than I; a tall, likely lad, fifteen of these hardening and toughening years had made him keen and sharp as a terrier, and just the lad to look after a forlorn waif of a little girl like myself. And Jim, after he had blacked boots all day, or sold newspapers of an afternoon, was sure to look after me, and we took supper together out of the same bowl of porridge.

Jim wasn't my brother, oh no! I used to wish he *was* my brother though, sometimes, just because I was so proud of him.

The old man that kept the cellar, you see, had picked Jim up from somewhere when his folks died, and picked *me* up from somewhere when my folks died, and so we had somehow fallen together all along.

Just down beyond the jog of our alley, where it turned a sort of gray corner, and was darker and dirtier than ever—just there there stood an old gray church with a clock in the tower; an old, old mossy church, and an old, old clock that passed its withered hands over its wizened face, and looked sleepily through them down into our alley on one side, and into a busy, noisy thoroughfare on the other. This old clock had dozed there till its head was all on one side, and you couldn't be sure whether it told the right time or not; but of a summer afternoon, when it was getting quite dusk down in our alley, a red ray from the setting sun used to settle for a minute right down on the face of the sleepy old clock; then it would seem to rouse up out of a pleasant dream, and strike the hour as sharp as need be, and then I knew it was time to look out for Jim. I'd see him turn the corner, with his old straw hat on, and his patched shoes, or barefoot maybe, for that matter, and we'd set off for a stroll together—a stroll to the wharves.

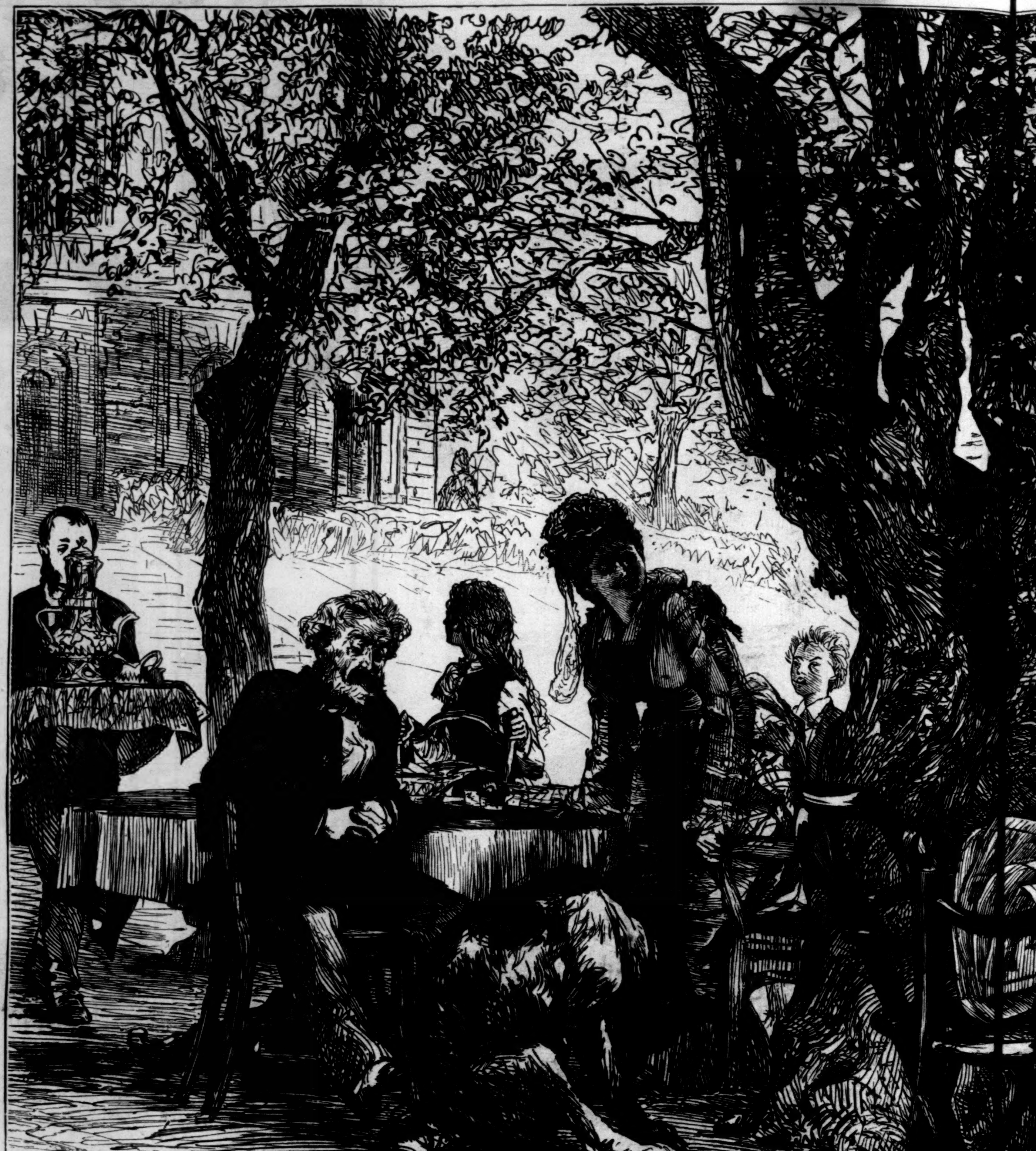
We generally haunted the wharves, Jim and I, when we went a-pleasuring. They were so grand, the wharves, so busy, the wharves, so full of light and fresh air, the wharves, so altogether different from our alley, with the ships crowding round them, and the fluttering flags here and there on the masts, and the busy sailors getting in freights. Sometimes Jim would get a job for half an hour, and leave me lurking among the cotton bales, or sitting solitary in some safe corner till he came back. He always came back. And then sometimes we would linger about there till night-fall. Then the wharf was solemn and silent, and you could hear the water rushing up against the great beams underneath, and see here and there a light gleaming from some lone lantern among the shrouds, and the gray water stretching beyond, we knew not whither; and if Jim and I had owned it all, we couldn't have loved it better.

But one day Jim got a job that lasted longer than usual, and I grew scared and uneasy as night came on and he didn't come back. Wandering from the place where he had set me, shy and fearsome as a water-rat, but as determined, I looked for him every where, but in vain; then I went back to my post, for hadn't he said, as he always said, "Don't be afraid, Jenny; I'll come back, for sure, you know?" And then I waited and waited, till finally I fell asleep among the bales and barrels, and forgot my troubles.

In the morning, a forlorn and desolate little creature enough, I learned from some compassionate 'longshoreman that the great ship where Jim had been at work had sailed away with him aboard. A wild and passionate burst of weeping greeted this news, and a pitiful throng of people gathered about me, freight men and sailors mostly, but among them suddenly appeared the quiet face of a Quaker lady, who was distributing books among the sailors. They told her my tale, and seeing me utterly friendless, she wiped my tear-stained face with her white handkerchief, and took me away. I had no friends. I was no better than a masterless dog, and worth far less. But she took me to a great clean, bare, and quiet place—an institution they called it—where there were many others as homeless and wretched as I. And there they washed me and made me so clean and fresh that I thought the real me, the ragged, red-eyed, unkempt surplus atom of humanity that had been me, was gone away over seas with Jim, and this rosy-cheeked child was another me, newly come into the world.

Then one day there came a grand and stately lady, who took me away to live with her, and be her own little girl. This lady wore shining silks, and lived in a splendid house, and had a lad in a velvet jacket who was about as big as Jim. It was all like a strange bright dream, if I could have only forgotten Jim. But I could not.

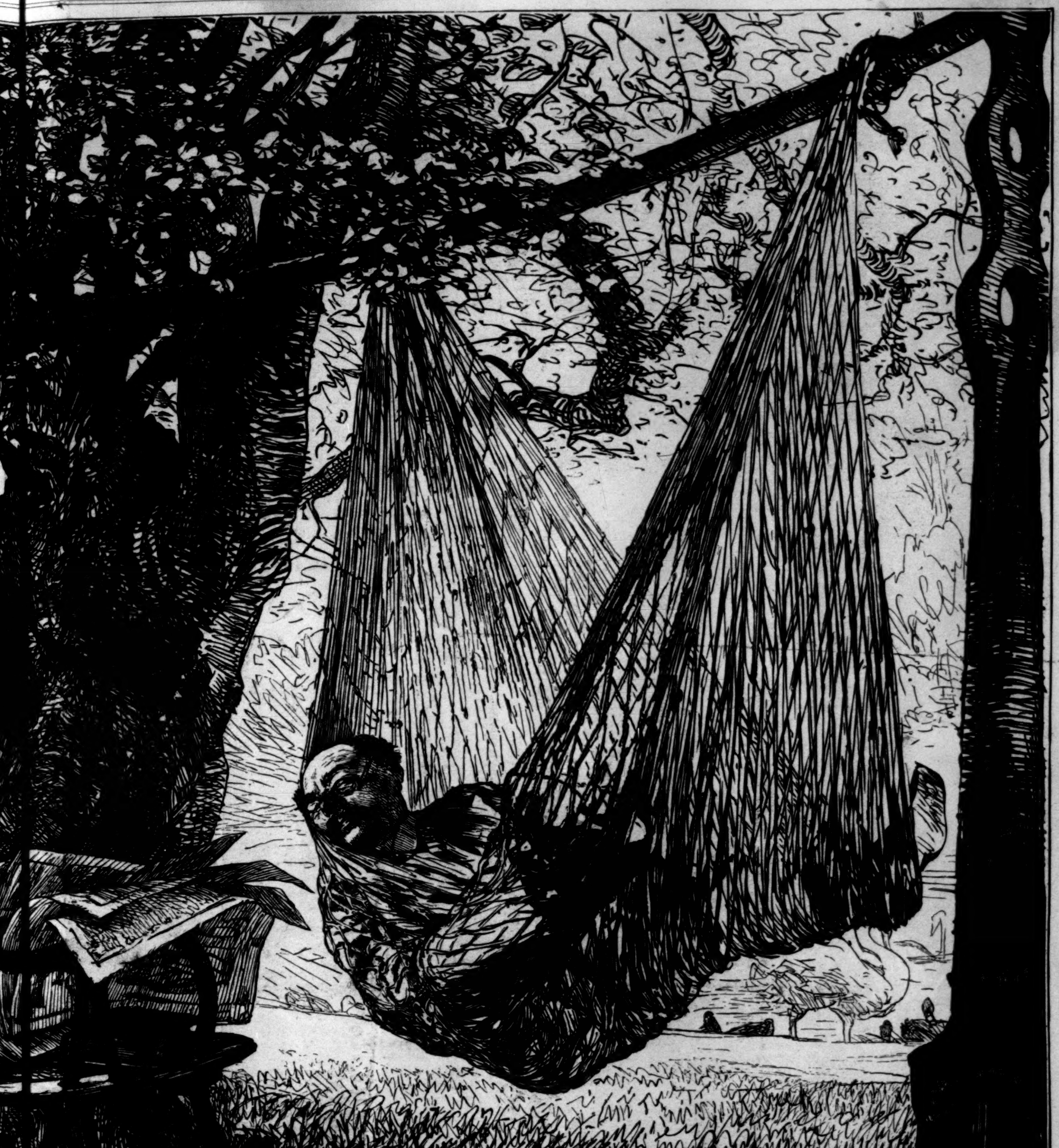
Jim was surplus population no longer; perhaps he was drowned; his ragged jacket and crownless hat might be buried now away down under the sea. Nobody about me now wore patched shoes, or trowsers out at the knees, and nobody, it seemed to me, not even Louis, who was so kind and good to me, not even he, had an eye as bright and soft as Jim's, or a hand as warm. And so I never forgot Jim, but always in my heart of hearts I seemed listening and waiting for him.



"THE SIESTA."—[From a Drawing

Sometimes I used to lure Louis down to the wharves, and always when I walked by myself my steps turned thitherward, and thus it was that I never lost sight of the ships, and dimly, faintly, unreasonably, looked for the return of Jim.

But it began to be years since dear old Jim went away, and Louis was a tall youth home from college, and I was—well, folks called me a young lady, and said that I would marry Louis some day. And perhaps they might have been right; but how could I be a lady—a real lady, you know—with an old straw hat and a ragged jacket stowed away in my heart? Even after I grew up, I had fits of silent fretting for Jim that seemed as if they would eat my life away. Mrs. Belden said it was because I was growing, and she took me away one bright summer to the sea-shore. Oh, the sea-shore! I can not tell you what I felt when I first saw the sea—the real sea—stretching away from the white line of shore, throbbing and sounding as it brimmed to the horizon's edge. *This* was the sea, the glorified sea; the sea no longer grimy and smoky and gray with getting its living, but the sea translated, purified, made holy as if after death. The days went and came shining and beautiful; and every day I walked on the shore with Louis, ran races with the breeze, picked up shells, or gathered sea-weed, or watched the sunset gilding the sails of some far-flitting ship. Louis's face was sweet in those days, and kind as sunlight; and his voice was soft and low when he spoke to me, for he said we were old friends now, and had known each other so many years that we ought to love each other always. One afternoon we strayed farther than usual, and the twilight deepening as we walked, I think we both forgot every thing save that we were young and happy, and life was glorious. Love! The word dropped warm from his lips, and seemed to color all my future with rose tints. All my past seemed sinking out of sight. The gates of paradise were open, and I was free to walk therein if I would. Not for me the barrenness, the disappointment, that blighted other lives. I might make mine what I would, with wealth and lo e for my
luxury and joy at my co mand.
member that afternoon y the se
line of white beach, the verhang
twilight touching the wa with a
and glittering on the tall asts, an
at anchor beyond. Oh, e was so
oh, love was so beautiful A light
a capricious, intangible, -like
me, born perhaps of th very over
I remember clapping hands
along, and challenging L is to a ra
he had urged me too p istently
his affection, to say wh I would
Wife! I wanted to be one's w



a Drawing by Adolph Menzel.]

and l e for my servants, and
ny co mand. Ah, well I re-
noon y the sea!—the long
h, the verhanging cliffs, the
he wa with a golden glow,
e tall asts, and a ship lying
Oh, e was so beautiful!—
utiful A lightness of heart,
gible, -like mood fell upon
of th very overflow of bliss.
ing hands as I skipped
ing L is to a race. Perhaps
too p istently to respond to
y wh I would be his wife.
to be one's wife just then,

but only to love and to live. Would I answer him? sighed Louis.

"When you catch me," I responded, mockingly, flitting along the sand. Away I went, with Louis following, breathless. We rounded the curve of the shore, and I was just about sinking down upon the sand to wait for him, when an old boat with a broken oar caught my eye; it lay swinging in the shadow just where a great rock overhung the beach. Lightly, thoughtlessly, I stepped into the tiny craft, and waving my handkerchief laughingly to Louis, caught up the oar and set myself afloat. I scarcely thought what I was doing; it was a mere caprice born of lightness of heart and youthful thoughtlessness. But a single glance at Louis's countenance roused me to the folly I was committing.

"Come back! come back!" he cried; "the current will carry you out of reach in a moment!"

Still laughing, I endeavored to obey. Dextrously I worked the broken oar, diligently I steadied the frail little vessel; but all my efforts only seemed to bear me further and further from the anxious face that was watching me.

Perhaps if Louis then had plunged into the water, a few strong strokes of his arm might have reached and saved me. I do not know. Louis was no swimmer; and, besides, that was not his way of doing things. His was a deliberate and thoughtful rather than a rash and venturesome nature. He called to me eagerly that he was going for help; I should wait; I should drop the oar; in a few moments he would get a boat. I saw him hastening along the shore at the top of his speed; I saw the solitary shore, the deserted fisher huts, the far stretches of sand he would have to travel before reaching the little fishing village; I saw it all, but dimly now, for I was floating further and further away.

Wearily I dropped the oar and sank back in the boat. Surely I need do nothing more. Oh, surely Louis would rescue me! he would not let me die alone within reach of his loving arms! Night was creeping on, with twilight on its garment's hem. I could see that lone and shadowy ship lying at anchor beyond the bar. If only I could reach that ship! But the current would drift me past her in an instant. Wildly and longingly now I called for help, stretching my arms out yearningly toward that silent vessel; but nothing answered me. The shore had grown far and dim, and dimly, strangely the stars coming out with their unfamiliar beauty made me afraid. Sad, solitary, and deserted, was I going to my death out of all that bright afternoon, that overflowing love, that fullness of life and pleasure proffered me?

Afraid? Well, yes, I was afraid; for one brief moment, as I cowered back into the boat, shrinking in the solitude of the awful waste of waters, a fear of that unknown world into which I seemed sailing oppressed me. But I bethought myself that if I must die, it were better to die bravely. Perhaps I was going to meet Jim. If he were in that other world, that ought to be a cheery thought. No doubt he died bravely. But *was* he dead? Jim, my old stanch friend, whose glad good face had brightened my wretched childhood, oh, where *was* he?

It is said that in the hour of death the memory of past events is preternaturally vivid. And as my mind reverted to those old days, forgetting my later life, forgetting my later friends, and forgetting Louis, I felt sure that I was going to die. A trance of peace fell upon me, in which I seemed to clasp Jim's warm hand again, as in days of old. Jim! Jim! I called aloud, rousing myself as from a dream, yet dreaming still. But nothing answered me. The darkness was growing deeper, the current more rapid, and Louis, with his soft taper fingers, would never reach me now.

Unconscious, half delirious, I must have been, perhaps, for it seemed to me that Jim, on whose name I called, was a spirit, and that his presence, somewhere near me, was upholding me in this hour of need, as I drifted further and further away from all earthly help. How long, I know not; how far, I know not; it seemed to me I had been on the way all eternity, and— Had I or had I not heard through that death-dream an answering cry? Did I or did I not see mistily, as through a veil, the spars and shrouds of that silent vessel that had stood afar off, watching my struggle with death? And, great God! *was* it Jim's face—dear old Jim's face—bending over me, and was this heaven?

"My dear," said Mrs. Belden, coming into my room one morning, "you are getting quite strong again; the sea air has done you a world of good—in fact, you look better, I think, than before your accident. I am thinking we may as well return to the city as soon as you like."

I was lying on a couch by the window looking out upon the sea.

"Well," said I, absently, in a half reverie.

"You feel quite strong, do you not, dear?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," said I, rousing myself; "quite strong—stronger than ever."

I was stronger than ever; since that night when Jim saved my life, swimming out to my sinking boat against the current, and risking his life to help an unknown waif, unwitting that it was his little nursling of old who was in deadly peril—since that night a world of new thoughts had come crowding in upon me, scaring me with their strength, and making me ashamed of the idle silken life I was leading. I know not what premonition of change, of banishment, was tugging at my heart this morning as I looked out over the gleaming waters, and filled my eyes with tears.

"You are sorry to leave the sea-shore?" said Mrs. Belden.

"I was thinking of Jim," said I, honestly. "How can I leave Jim?"

Mrs. Belden's face flushed.

"Jenny," said she, severely, "of course we all think a deal of your sailor friend for saving your life; but you must be aware that he is no fit companion for you, and that his constant attendance upon you since that accident has been matter of much annoyance both to myself and Louis."

At that moment Louis's tall figure appeared at the door, a queer smile was on his pale thin face, as holding out his long white hand to me, he said, "Jenny, your sailor's below."

"I have just been telling Jenny," said Mrs. Belden, "that we must get her away from the sea-shore to free her from these low associates."

Low associates!—Jim, my prince of men, my savior!

"I see but one course," added Mrs. Belden, as Louis stood silent.

I too saw but one course; and yet these two had been so kind to me all these years, they had made my life so luxurious and pleasurable: should I go away from them into the obscurity and poverty of my early life again?

At that moment Jim's sunburned face appeared at the door. He stood with his cap in his hand, eager yet modest, his face alight, his eyes gleaming behind Louis's thin, calm countenance. "I sail the day after to-morrow, Jenny," he said, "and I couldn't risk the chance of not seeing you."

Mrs. Belden made a haughty gesture with her hand, as if she would have ordered off the intruder.

"Wait, mother," said Louis, calmly. "Of course Jenny's good sense will tell her what is right, and she belongs to me, you know."

I saw Jim give a great start. The blood flushed up hotly in his brown cheeks. There was a pause for a moment; then Jim said, passing his hand over his forehead, as if he were not quite clear as to what he heard,

"Is it so with thee, my little Jenny? Will my little girl be happy always away from her poor old Jim?"

"Poor old Jim!" That was what I used to call him in my childish days, stroking his hand and